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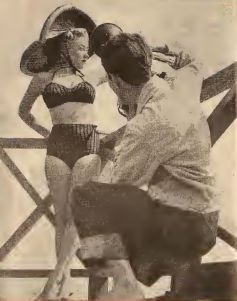
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Posing for publicity shots are not actresses' work. Hours are spent learning the art

## you DON'T FIND GLAMOUR —you make it

The answer to the old question about what little girls are made of is still a puzzle; but Hollywood has its well-set formula for making big girls . . . here's a run-through on their technique

GRANT L. LAWRENCE

THESE DAYS you get what you want if you can't find it, you make it. That goes even for the kind of person you want—even for the kind of lovely girl you want for a stage show or a film.

It is the result of the growth of show business in the stage where a girl can be a million-dollar investment, and where the lack of the right girl at the right time can be almost as bad as not having a camera on the set.

The technique of making your own box-office lovely has evolved from the realization that beauty and all the other ingredients necessary to the kind of girl who is the big wheel of show business, do not often come in the one parcel.

And, as the fast and biggest item in show business is what you see, showbiz makers start with what they see, and build on it.

There is, of course, the physical type of girl who will never look right but there is the type of beauty with the makings of the right career, the right leg length, the right model of face. There are, one Hollywood talent scout says, a million girls a year who look heavenly right, but when you take them apart, they lack a lot

Well, the lacks are becoming less and less important as the technique of building a girl develops.

If she lacks a good walk, it isn't difficult to teach her department, if she lacks the right complexion, it isn't difficult to clear up her skin and give her a complexion, if she lacks the right kind of voice, there are always elocution teachers, and if, in spite of being good proportions, she has a little extra here and there, it isn't hard to diet and exercise her down to the right size.

And it is along these lines that the technique of making glamour has developed.

Brucke Randall has carved in the last recently at one of Hollywood's top talent finders who has been successful enough at it to launch himself into the independent field as a producer. He studies everything on his ability to bring out what cinema audiences the world over want, and he demonstrates on Paula King and Carol Field how it is done.

He picks Paula and Carol for the very reason that you probably have not heard of them, because they are two ordinary candidates for stardom. With the basic require-

maize. Paula is a 20-year-old blonde, Carol, an old, is brunette.

In the case of Carol, she has been stage-hardened since, at the age of eight, she arrived in Hollywood from New York, and when only eleven made her debut in a Fox Angeles production of "Show-bow". Carol's latest walk is dancing—but in spite of this, and a long residence in Hollywood, and a continuous attempt to get somewhere in show business, only a year ago did she get a small part in her first full-length movie.

Paula, by contrast, has no experience at all in the business. She was quietly going to a Calumet high school when Randall noticed her and thought she was the kind of girl who would groom for a future. Randall was not deterred by the fact that, if she comes good, she is going to be an exception to an important rule: she is well under size for stardom, being only five feet two inches tall, weighing just under eight stone.

What is happening to both girls is a blueprint for star-making. They study dramatics, and are put through the physical training tables by Terry Hunt, the famous Hollywood gymnastic expert who is concerned with the most perfect and most valuable figures in the world.

Terry knows exactly what a girl should look like, and uses every kind of gymnastic equipment, and the technique of his film as well, to teach the figures that are wanted. Even boxing lessons have been given to both Paula and Carol as part of their physical training.

Physical development is Terry's specialty for more specialized than the usual keep-fit routines; he knows which exercises put an inch

on here or take it off there, which muscles ought to be hardened to assist the right kind of figure.

"Rehearsal" in the travel sense is not an important part of her routine, but when Paula stood on the scales he decided she had to take off a few pounds, and off they came.

As far as physical movements were concerned, neither Paula nor Carol knew how to walk or how to act—for screen purposes. So they had to learn. It was—as it is for every candidate for stardom—a hard breaking job, tedious hours of repetition, careful instruction, practice, harder than the daily jobs most girls do, and with no more reward than a possible chance to compete with the people already on top, if the whole routine paid dividends.

Even the poses for publicity shots which followed, were not the walk-and-stand jobs that most un-instructed girls think photography is. Dave Burton, who makes the publicity shots at this stage, has much more to do than click the camera shutter. He has to teach the girls how to pose. How to cross their legs, how to hold their hands, how to smile, how to stand, or sit, or recline.

Dave takes shots with contrast—shots of what the girls thought was good, to be later put beside the shots he liked, to have the differences pointed out, noted and explained. There are a lot of shocks for the beginner as the poses they thought were good are seen in cold black and white.

Now all of this would be a hard education if it were regulated to the requirements of each girl, but it is regimented to a schedule, just as the actual movie-making of the

girls' future is scheduled, and they don't have a dull or spare second. Make-up is a very important job, and while one girl is being made up, the other has to study her script. And make-up isn't just a case of when the make-up man, or girl, thinks it looks okay in the mirror. Make-up and hair styles are photographed to see exactly how they will reflect to the camera.

Paula and Carol, just as they feel they are getting somewhere, are made-up, photographed, and criticised—and then it is done again. It is just practice.

If it is likely to become irksome, they are regaled with anecdotes of what to expect in future. Stories of dramatic rules where the star has to arrive at the

make-up studio as early as five in the morning, so that the make-up, after hours of work, will be right for the camera.

Then come the stories of how for perhaps ten minutes actual theatre screening, the stars stand under the lights for hours, rehearsing the sequence over and over again, repeating their lines, being coached and corrected in exactly the way the director wants the sequence. That is hot, tedious, and exhausting work. Quite apart from the beauty aspect of their careers, film people have to be fit and stay fit to cope with the strain.

Countess Franciska Anne Mason makes the girls picture. Here she is showing Paula how to breathe correctly.



But that, for Paula and Carol, is a future problem. Anyway, as stars whose grooming has cost a great deal of money and whose publicity build-up has cost a great deal more, they are a big-money investment by the time they let the audience in the pocket.

To have them fade out after one or two pictures is to lose a lot of money.

How do the fresh-faced girls like Debbie Reynolds, the sultry beauties like Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell, the dramatic actresses like Ingrid Bergman remain fresh and unchanged year after year?

They all have gone through this preliminary screening stage of being built and built up for studios. But then they go for years, and on the screen they look like the same people who first appeared. How do they do that?

The camera being as quick-eyed and accurate as it is, there isn't any room for faking. Eye wrinkles can be touched out of a portrait, but they cannot be retouched from a screen sequence. The face has to be right. Make-up is only part answer, too much make-up, to hide facial defects, would show as badly as the defects themselves.

Ha, Paula and Carol learn that the hard regimen of being groomed will be part of their lives as long as they are on the screen. They have to stay fitmost. It doesn't do the girl any good to have the audience remarking that she's put on weight since her last picture, so it's back to Terry Hunt, back to the gym ring, and a life that is lived according to strictly laid down rules, to keep away unwanted fat, wrinkles, tiredness, sluggishness, or any of the ravages of the hard studio life.

How do they live up to those wild parties, is the natural question

The answer is, of course, that the wild parties are greatly exaggerated, that their public appearances are fixed, staged, and planned; that their private entertainment is scheduled to give them relaxation without indulgence. If half the stories told about Hollywood high living were true, Brucke Handell says, there wouldn't be a beautiful woman or an athletic man left on the screen.

He also points out that the modern trend in films makes it harder than ever for the players to keep level. He points out that today, in many a film, an actor is required to strip to the waist—and when he does he has to show muscles, and the muscle has to be real. Girls are required to appear in scanty costumes, or swimming, and there is no room for taking a figure when they come out like that.

One case in point is Jane Russell, whose earliest appearances evoked some controversy as to whether she was built up for her part. The effective answer was later parts where, as in the "French Line", her costumes answered the question quite effectively.

Figure-revealing garments may be easy on the eye, but they are hard on the star, because they call for more work on keeping the kind of figure the studio has set out to build.

None of which the young aspirants to stardom fully realize—at first.

Sure, the rewards for stardom are high—they have to be, because of the exacting routine they impose on the candidate.

And candidates have to be tested: found in the raw, shaped to requirement, and kept that way until they have paid a dividend on the investment they represent.

CCCCCCCC

Catching crooks with a pencil

GLEN ASTON

Al Valenti and his pencil are as much feared by Chicago criminals as a policeman's gun.

PEOPLE SCATTERED as shots rang out in a busy Chicago street. The gunman made a last getaway in a car and no one tried to stop them; it was foolish to argue with spinning guns.

Police arrived at the scene in seconds. Minutes later more police arrived, and with them was a tall, quiet, bushy-haired man Al Valenti. He spoke with five witnesses of the double shooting and he gathered descriptive details of one of the criminals. The aspects of his appearance differed.



but they all agreed that he had a broken nose.

Oprian was most divided as to the gunman's eyes, mouth, chin and other features, but Valenz positively questioned them all. He took a sheet from his pocket and showed it to the witnesses. The chart showed 34 types of noses, six head shapes, several variations of mouth, chin, hairline. He asked the witnesses to point out which features most resembled the gunman's.

Going by majority opinion, Valenz set to work with a pencil. He sketched the face of the gunman, as described, starting details here and there as directed. "Lower the hairline here, shorten the chin, squint the eyes a bit more."

Finally Valenz had his sketch completed to the approval of the witnesses of the shooting.

The sketch was published in Chicago newspapers and evidently it was pretty accurate, because, three days later the body of a man whose features greatly resembled the sketch, was found in a shallow grave. He was identified as Bud Smith, wanted for murder. Evidently his partners in crime did not want to be identified with Smith, so had eliminated him.

It was several years ago that the Chicago Police Department bought itself a drawing board as a weapon in its war against crime. It has been his place alongside the fingerprint method, radio, television and fast cars in its battle with criminals. And Al Valenz is employed as its artist.

Valenz compiled the chart of face characteristics. He also compiled figure characteristics and these undoubtedly help the witnesses in their descriptions of wanted men — or women.

Only rarely are accurate des-

criptions given, but, prompted by Valenz with his chart, the artist draws such accurate likenesses that the missing man is always identified, if not immediately, then when he is found. It is a police line-up on canvas.

Valenz says, "I like the witnesses to describe the criminal's nose-mouth-chin angle, his forehead and the shape of his mouth. I can work from these."

Witnesses watch Valenz while he is drawing and check his work while it is in progress. On one occasion he interviewed a man who had been assaulted, suffering severe head injuries. Valenz listened to the victim's somewhat hazy description of the attacker, which was aided by the chart. Valenz began to draw each detail as it was given. Soon he had a complete description of the attacker on his pad—a description in sketch. The attacker was apprehended.

Burglars have found themselves on Valenz' canvas. So have robbers, murderers, kidnapers and other criminals.

Valenz says that the best witnesses are newspaper sellers, housewives, salesmen and students. Maybe the reason for this is that newspaper sellers and salesmen meet so many people and learn to judge character in order to best sell their wares. Housewives, having to spend most of their time in the home, take notice of people they see, in order to hide away their hoards of housework. Students are naturally inclined to notice things and people as they are leaving the mind all the time.

Not the worst witnesses, according to Valenz, are physicians, barman and lift operators. Here again, the reason for their lack of observation can be explained. Doctors

look, not so much at features, but for exterior signs of illness. Barman and lift operators get tired of people and do not regard them as individuals but as masses.

Women are better witnesses than men, is another observation of the pencil detective. That is a well-known fact. Women look at other women from a critical point of view, noting their attire and their make-up. Women notice men with interest in the same manner that men notice women.

Recently Valenz has added a few more things to his art. He carries modelling clay with him and samples of material. The former is even better than pencil, as it shows the shape in three-dimension, thus being more accurate and making witnesses more sure of their descriptions.

The samples of dress or suit materials are invaluable aids in identification.

Recently a woman witness of

a female shoplifter identified the criminal by her dress and pointed out to Valenz which material it was. She also described her shape and pointed out on Valenz' chart which physical form the woman most resembled. She went from nose to the way the woman had her hair set, the color of it, the color of her mouth, how she tied her lipstick and other make-up.

Valenz was able to modify an almost perfect likeness from the clay. He was able to assess the approximate height, the coloring and the dress of the suspect. The shoplifter was caught.

So another Dick Tracy innovation has really become part and parcel of the police force. First there was the wrist radio, now in full use in America, now there is the pencil sketch of the crook. Very soon it won't be safe for criminals to commit any crime. In Chicago they certainly fear Valenz and his pencil.



"I have a brother who is an aeronautics engineer!"

# Should the GRAND

Up to 80 per cent. of horses fail to finish the grueling Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, May 1, having to be destroyed. Thousands of people demand that it be banned

ALAN  
RAYMOND

EVERY year about a quarter of a million people attend the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, England, for the thrills of watching the bravest thoroughbreds in action as they strain every nerve and sweat, take fences of various heights in their stride—and take spills galore. Those 254,000 people gamble one million pounds each Grand National day on the result of this classic.

And every year thousands of people protest strongly about the race. "Ban it!" they cry. "It is

cruel to the horses. If the animals don't die on the track, they die later; they are never any good afterwards."

There is something noble and courageous about horses who jump 30 fences in a race of four miles, 856 yards; there is just reason for applause on horses which take bad spills straight to their feet, ready to carry on.

But there is also just cause for the banning of such races. Any sport is a contest in which the victor wins a reward. In almost

# NATIONAL be banned?

every sport the loser shares the spoils. But what reward does the horse get? Does he feel proud of the Cup his owner has in the drawing room? Does he help to spend the money his owner wins because he, the horse, was able to outstrip other horses? Maybe he thinks the applause of the crowd is sufficient payment for the hair-brained race he has just won?

It is probable that a horse is just as happy pulling a cart as he is in running the course of the Grand National with 12 stone on his back.

The first jump in the race is not so bad—a thorn and brush fence four feet, six inches high. But the third fence is a test. It is five feet, three inches, and on

the other side of it is a six-foot, six-inch ditch, which he also has to clear.

It is here that many horses fall. Many jockeys have landed in that ditch.

The highest jumps are five feet, six inches, but the two most dreaded jumps are Becher's Brook and Valentine's Brook. These are not as high as some of the others. Becher's is four feet, 10 inches high, three feet, three inches wide, with a six-foot ditch on the other side. Valentine's is five feet high, with a five-foot, six-inch ditch. But what makes these hurdles treacherous is the fact that the ground on the other side of each jump falls away from two to four feet. Scores of jockeys have landed in these ditches of water, some



with their horses, some on their own, in the 116 years since the first Grand National. It was then that the famous rider, Captain Becher, gave his name to Becher's Brook. He took a header into the water and complained that water was no good without booze!

A pubman named Bill Lynn started the Grand National in 1839, though it was then known as the Liverpool Steeple. The race was

run across neighbouring paddocks for a distance of about four miles. Jockeys were not allowed to open gates—they had to hurdle them.

In 1860 the name of the race was changed to the Grand National and since then it has become an institution. So gruffland is the race and such mystery of horsemanably does it take, that no amateur jockey who has won less than five congrated steeplechase can ride

in it. Providing an amateur meets the requirement, he can compete with professional jockeys. One of the best known jumping riders of recent years is Lord Malmesbury, and he was unlucky not to win in 1938. Riding Davy Jones, he had the race was coming to the last fence when one of the reins broke. The horse, taking no instruction from the same, ran around the jump instead of clearing it. The horse was exhausted.

Even though the thoroughbreds are bred especially for the Grand national, with an eye to stamina and will-power, few finish the race each year. Sometimes more than 80 percent fall during the race. Many are killed. Many jockeys are injured.

In the early years no thought was given to breeding. So long as a horse could last the distance and jump a few fences, he was entered. Like The Chandler, in 1885. He was a cool horse, but one day a race saw him jump a six-foot fence, so he bought the animal, crossed it and entered it in the Grand National. What is more, The Chandler won it!

There was The Lamb, winner in 1888. She was only 15 hands, one inch high, which is five inches less than the Grand National's highest hurdle! These days the horses are big and courageous.

While the horse must be courageous, so must the jockey. In 1899 Bob Trudgill rode Master Bob to victory with an open fresh wound in his thigh. The previous day Trudgill had taken a spill and had six stitches inserted in the resultant wound in his thigh. During the running of the Grand National his saddle slipped, and trying to right it, he burst the stitches in his wound. With blood

running down his leg and dapp with pain, Trudgill went on to victory and hid his blood-stained riding breeches with his saddle cloth as he was being congratulated by the King.

Harry Brown was another courageous jockey. In 1922 he was thrown with two fences to jump. He broke his collarbone. Instead of quailing, Brown chased his horse which had stopped a few yards further on, mounted, and, with his right arm hanging limply, finished second in the race.

You have to admire the courage of these jockeys, but is it worth it? Evidently the jockeys think so.

Perhaps one of the toughest horses to enter the Grand National was the New Zealand, Melton. Going over for the big race, he had to swim two miles in the English Channel when the ship was wrecked. He was found on the sands, identified and put into training. He went on to win the classic in 1904.

Not few horses are any good after winning the Grand National, or even finishing in it. Those admirers of the classic may point to Maudslayi, who ran in eight Grand Nationals, finishing seven times. But the people who want the race honest will point to the terrible percentage of horses who have fallen and who have had to be destroyed or turned out to graze for the rest of their lives, useless for further racing.

Maybe in time the race will be banned on humane grounds. But the Grand National has become a tradition in its 116 years of existence, and tradition dies hard. The advocates of the cessation of England's classic steeplechase have a battle on their hands.



"Wouldn't it be simpler for them to get a knife and eat it?"





## Miss

They call her "Miss Sunsuit", but that is not her only title. Shirley Buckland has won 15 "Miss" titles. Shirley recently left Hollywood for a holiday in Mexico.

## Sunsuit

Don't be misled by this picture of her propelling a dinghy—she didn't row it to Mexico from Hollywood. This picture was taken after she got there. And folks, you'd have to row a long way to see such a girl with an oar.





Now what's this gadget? There's only one way to find out—that is, to examine it. But, careful, Shirley, that's a boat you are dry, and a boat in the water can be like a bucking bronco.



Whether or not Shirley saw how risky was her position, she left the top of the boat voluntarily, because she's not wet. "Oh, isn't it wonderful in the water," says Shirley. "With the sun beaming down and the gentle breeze wafting over one's body."

# Crime Capsules

## KIND-HEARTED COPS

One of the two policemen on the side of Sark, one of the Channel Islands, found John Perree drink near his tractor under a hedge. The ice arrested Perree and locked him in a cell. The prisoner complained of feeling cold, so the cop telephoned Perree's wife to bring him some blankets. Then Perree began to cry. He implored the police to set him free and such was the effect of his tears that he was released to go home, just one and a half hours after his arrest! He appeared later in court and was fined two pounds.

## RED FOR DANGER

When police in Joplin, Missouri, U.S.A., broadcast the description of a stolen vehicle, they were not surprised when they soon found it. It was a bright red truck with a load of lumber topped by three bath-tubs.

## ONCE BITTEN

Some fellows never learn. William Crowley, of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, U.S.A., was acquitted at Spokane of a car stealing charge. Three weeks later he received three years for stealing a truck to get to Spokane for the first trial.

## PATIENCE

Usually when burglars enter a home, they work quickly. In Grimby, Lincolnshire, England, a girl broke into a widow's home in the early hours of the morning and found all the made doors locked. So she sat down and waited until daylight. At 9.30 a.m. the widow, aged 86, left her bedroom and came into the living room. The girl struck her with a ash and made off with £60.

## SHADES OF TROY

The wooden horse trick was used by thieves in Leeds, England. They tunneled from outside a warehouse, stole £6000 worth of cigarettes, and, just as British prisoners of war in Germany used an escape tunnel, so the thieves used empty crates. They escaped with the goods in a stolen truck.

## LEAD TO THE LEAD

From busy London Bridge railway station's roof 1000 feet of lead sheeting, four feet six inches wide, disappeared in nine months. Police kept watch and saw a man up there using a knife. Railway labourer, William Kinsab got eight months for stealing 27 cwt of lead.

# THE PHANTOM was an elusive killer

It took police six years to catch the "Phantom", but when they did he went to the chair with a bullet in his head.

JAMES HOLLIOGE

"IT'S THE PHANTOM again!" was a frequent cry of terror that echoed through the streets of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan in America during the mid 1930's.

The title belong to a rummy, baby-faced mastermind of crime, a cunning and dangerous killer and gang leader whose cold-blooded record makes Dillinger look mild.

As a deadly gunfighter, the Phantom had few equals. His loot exceeded a quarter of a million dollars, and he killed at least 24 people.

His name was Paul Jewarden. He



was in trouble with the police from his early youth, but it was one March afternoon in 1933, when he was 23, that he hit his "big-time". For more than six years after that he was a headline terror.

His first big crime netted \$2500 dollars. Four bandits grabbed two payrolls from the office of a fast cop and a coal mine in Pittsburgh. The two jobs took an hour.

At the coal mine they shot down a special guard. No witness could identify Jowerski or any of his companions from newspaper gallery photographs.

The unknown bandits remained out of sight until the end of the year, then, two days before Christmas, the \$2500-dollar payroll of the Pittsburgh Coal Company was being taken by car to the Company's mine. An armed motor-cycle guard

named Sam Dennis preceded it. Reaching a bend on a deserted stretch, he saw a large touring car blocking the road. A bullet struck into his chest and he gasped. He was shot again and he died. The tour car was forced to halt. Four men brandishing pistols surrounded it. The baby-faced leader grabbed the money wallet from the car.

There was a state-wide hunt for the killer-robbers. The bullet taken from the body of the dead man were the same type as that which wounded the guard in one of the first hold-ups nine months before, an old-fashioned, rifle-used make of .38 cartridge.

The gang struck again, holding up a Detroit bank, collecting 1,000 dollars in loot and killing Charles Taggart, a teller. They then returned to Pennsylvania.

Stopping at Sharpsburg, just north of Pittsburgh, they robbed a tavern and shot the proprietor and his sister. They managed to cut a wide swath of hold-ups between Pittsburgh and Detroit over succeeding months.

Their first set-back occurred one June morning when they drove up to a bank on Chase Street, Detroit. One of them—a tall, thin desperado wearing a leather cap—transformed a revolver from one pocket to another in the doorway. A killer saw the movement. He grabbed his own revolver from under the counter and loosed a volley at the oncoming bandits. They fled. Jowerski denied the man responsible was more of a hand-stand than a help in his set-up. Two days later his body, stained with bullets, was found in a ditch outside the city.

The killers were slightly careless. The dead man's wallet was still on his person. It gave his name of James Wright and an address in a cheap residential area of Detroit.

The police hoped that the rest of the gang might show up at the apartment so they visited it, but no one appeared.

Sports stores and gunsmiths were canvassed in an effort to locate the purchasers of the distinctive .38 bullets that had been used in all the hold-up shootings. Eventually a sports dealer remembered selling all his stock of this rare ammunition to a young fellow he knew as Paul Jowerski. The description of Jowerski tallied with that of the baby-faced gang leader. But Jowerski's address was unknown, and no one knew his whereabouts.

For many months the gang lay low. Then in October, 1934, they looted a bank delivery car on

#### ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ WIND WHAT YOU SAY

She was engaged to be wed,  
But was a little ahead  
'He's a real-roader,'  
she said,  
'And my nerves are all  
froyed.'  
Her friend smiled at her  
anxiously,  
'I understand, you, no  
doubt;  
You'd have my sympathy  
completely.  
'But you have nothing  
to worry about.'  
-AM-EM-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Detroit. It contained a 15,000 dollar payroll. The robbers killed two guards.

Jowerski led his men—now reduced to two—back to Pennsylvania. They invaded the office of the Mahanogah coal mine and escaped up another \$7,500-dollar payroll. Another guard, Bush Thompson, lay dead when they departed.

Swarms of police converged on the mine. The bandits had escaped in a powerful green sedan. Police patrolled every road they could use. Road blocks were thrown up. Jowerski and his killer crew were not caught.

On March 11, 1937, an unmarked Brinks Express truck bumped over a narrow dirt road towards the Cawadale Coal Mine. It was followed by a car guarded with five armed guards and contained the mine's payroll.

But Jowerski had planned a new technique. Before dawn he mined the road with dynamite. The charge was attached to a battery exploder concealed in nearby brush.



"You'll love this little secluded house I'm going to show you!"

When the truck passed over the spot, Jaworski set off the explosive.

The armored truck was flung high in the air. It landed upside down, 40 feet away. The car with the guards dropped into the huge crater left by the explosion.

Jaworski collected \$14,000 dollars from the wrecked truck, and sped away safely in a getaway car concealed down the road.

The car was traced across the Monongahela River, heading westward. Two hundred men followed, scouring every hamlet and village. The hunters stopped at a service station and store at a cross road called Southyorkin, and asked the proprietor if he has seen a Black green sedan.

He had. It was a regular seller. The three men bought petrol and groceries from him. He did not know where they were staying, but he was able to indicate a 100-foot side road down which they drove.

Police went down the road. They found a deserted farmhouse.

The farm was seized by an army of hunters. Taken by surprise, Jaworski and his two followers surrendered without firing a shot.

Baby-faced Jaworski's identity was self-evident. The other two gave their names as Mike Karamnicka and Walter Melchukowski.

They would not talk, but plenty of incriminating evidence was located around the farm. Stacks of the 33 bullets used in the killings and also sticks of dynamite were found. A search outside unearthed thousands of dollars in cash from the blown-up armored truck.

Placed on trial, the trio faced a long list of charges. Both Karamnicka and Melchukowski were sentenced to life imprisonment. For Jaworski there was only one

possible verdict—death in the electric chair.

A week later Paul Jaworski broke out of the death house in the Allegheny Prison in Pittsburgh. Gang had been strangled in to him. Taking another prisoner, Jack Vanhook, with him, he forced guards to conduct him to the front gate of the prison and unlock it for him. Then he shot his unwilling escorts and escaped.

Vanhook's body was later found floating in Lake Erie. He had delivered his machine gun for Jaworski, so was automatically disposed of before he became a hindrance.

More daring robberies were perpetrated. Jaworski was like a mad dog. He had nothing to lose. Capture meant inevitable execution. He haunted all who stood in his path.

More than a year passed and he was still at liberty. Then, on September 11, 1935, he was seen in a Cleveland restaurant. A dozen police arrived. Jaworski saw them. He jumped up and started shooting. He dived through the back door and roared down the street with the police in pursuit.

They caught him as he sheltered in the porch of a house. The baby-faced killer would not surrender but fell with a bullet in the head.

Miraculously it did not kill him. The authorities did not bother to remove it. He still carried it in his head when he went to the electric chair on January 21, 1936.

Paul Jaworski, the Phantom killer of three States, master bandit and one of the worst criminals since the American has known, had supposedly paid his debt to society.

Society got the worst of the bargain. Jaworski was poor payment for the 16 lives he had snuffed out.

## Death was instantaneous

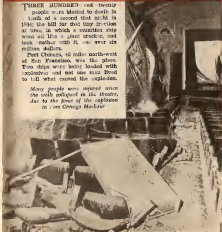
JONATHAN  
EDWARDS

It cost \$25 lives and six million dollars when it happened in less than a second—because someone couldn't do without a smoke.

THREE HUNDRED and twenty people were blasted to death in a flash of a second that night in 1946: the bill for that tiny fraction of time, in which a vacation ship went all like a giant cannon, and took together with it, was over six million dollars.

Port Chicago, 45 miles north-west of San Francisco, was the place. Two ships were being loaded with explosives and not one man lived to tell what caused the explosion.

Many people were injured when the walls collapsed in the theatre, due to the force of the explosion in Port Chicago Harbour.



The steel gangway was left without evidence on which to make a landing. Captain M. H. Gann, in charge of Port Chicago, said, "The cause is never likely to be known."

Unofficial opinion blamed a cigarette. When Victor Savaris was sentenced by Judge St. Clair to go to jail for 30 days for the crime of smoking in a munitions ship, it seemed a harsh sentence; but there was a war on in 1945, and between April and July 18 of that year, 31 people were convicted of this offense. The reason for the harshness of the sentence became all too plain when, the same night as Victor Savaris was sentenced, 320 people died.

Port Chicago was a wartime arsenal that grew out of a sleepy little town of 1000 inhabitants. Hundreds of explosive trains carried their dangerous cargo to be loaded into the victory ships; scores of barrels grew to houses as many personnel as had previously made up the entire population of the town. The sleepy village became a flash-point where one mischievous spark could wipe out hundreds of human lives and delay the shipping of important munitions.

On July 16, two of Harry Kantor's ships were tied up at the long loading pier. They were the "Quinn Victory", of 10,000 tons and the "E. A. Bryan", of 7,500 tons. The "Quinn Victory" had been delivered from Kantor's yards just a week before.

Groups of navy-enlisted men, supervised by officers and guarded by Coast Guardsmen, had loaded thousands of tons of explosives into one ship and were starting on the other. Loading was around the clock. Floodlights replaced daylight when the sun went down.

At 10:25 p.m. two ships and 318 men vanished. Another four vic-

tims were recovered. There was one huge explosion. Five seconds later there was an even greater one. Then both sounds merged into a continuous roar of detonating shells. Fire and smoke billowed a mile into the air.

An airplane pilot had to go two miles up to escape the fumes. The sky was dimly lit for minutes.

As the gases of the explosion roared upwards, a 150-mile-an-hour wind howled in to fill the vacuum created by the explosion. This wind added to the destruction.

The seismograph at the University of California trembled under the shock waves. Burned steelbars, many bleeding from wounds, rained to the waterfront where flames leaped scorchingly over the remains of the pier and loading installations.

Wreckage from the disaster rained down over a five-mile radius. Thirty-two miles away thought it was another earthquake.

Damage was reported for days afterwards from places 30 miles away.

Another big arsenal, seven miles across the bay, suffered 100,000 dollars' worth of damage from the blast. Six men working here were injured.

So much wreckage fell into the bay that, private shipping was warned to watch for floating wreckage.

Five miles away, a police officer driving quietly home in his car saw a blinding flash. His car was blown sideways off the road with the force of the blast.

Thousands of shells whined indiscriminately overhead, as dangerously as if fired by enemy cannon.

At Port Chicago the devastation was at its worst. Even before rescue crews swung floodlights into position it could be seen that all



"—From a secret admirer?"

that was left around the main explosion centre was the bow of one ship poking out of the water. There was no evidence at all of the others.

Debris picked up the miles showed that it was blown into fragments. The stern part, or part of it, landed in a navy barracks. Another weighing two hundredweight was blown for two miles.

The pier, the cranes, the trucks and the men, had vanished.

As rescue crews poured in and military law was established throughout the area, working disaster relief organizations aided the wounded and looked for bodies.

Days later the bodies of only four victims had been recovered. Among the shore wreckage rescuers found grisly evidence of what had happened to the other 316 people. They had been blown to pieces.

Streets of the barracks and workers houses were mostly buried to the ground. Some being landed on their foundations with walls blown in and roofs missing. There was not an unbroken pane of glass in the town. Telephone poles were blasted through brick walls like matches through paper.

At a cinema the audience was watching a wartime action film, complete with bombing scenes, when the explosion occurred. The noise of the explosion passed unnoticed. Then the sides of the theatre collapsed upon the audience, injuring many.

The first thought among the un-injured residents was that the arsenal was being bombed by the Japanese. The effect was the same. Ambulances raced in from as far as 50 miles away. Red Cross and civilian relief squads, long rehearsed for enemy attack, used a local hotel as a hospital after pushing the guests out into the

street. It was a state of emergency. Of the 1,800 people injured, many were wounded from flying glass. Others had limbs broken by flying debris and collapsing walls and roofs. Some were blinded.

Debris brought an assessment of the damage and hundreds of individuals stories about the disaster. A steel worker, employed outside the area, returned at one in the morning to find his way blocked by the police cordon. For four hours, until five in the morning, he wandered on the suburbs, afraid to go home because he felt he could not stand the news that his family had been killed.

Eventually he found his home wrecked, but his wife and children safe.

As the light grew, salvagers found that a munitions train, fully loaded, was standing only a block away from the centre of the blast. It was unscathed. Yet a naval crash boat and a fire barge were damaged further away, and a tanker was badly damaged.

One of the Marines crew of one of the ships, Chief Steward L. Fitzgerald, was drinking in a share bar. The explosion blew the place he was holding to pieces, then threw him across the room.

Only 11 men of that ship's crew escaped. They were all on shore leave.

! As the morning after the disaster lengthened, the army sent an armoured car with an anti-tank gun to protect naval and civilian property from looters. It was not entirely successful.

Two railway trucks full of food were condemned because they were riddled with broken glass, driven deep into the fire and pockets. When the trucks were hauled away to the tip they were stolen by thieves, and San Francisco health

officials broadcast warnings to people not to buy the stolen glass as on the blackmarket.

A grocer named Graham reported that his entire stock of 1800 bottles of jellies and preserves was smashed into a sweet scandal of pulp. He couldn't clean it up because the water supplies were off.

On July 21, a naval post conducted a foot-by-foot search through the arsenal for unexploded shells, a three-man court of enquiry sat behind closed doors. It was headed by Judge Advocate Lieutenant Commander Keith Parkhouse. It was to determine the cause of the explosion and to assess civilian damage.

On the same day teams of beetles, the navy construction corps, started work on a bigger and better Port Chicago Arsenal. It was headed as usual, Captain L. H. Harrison, one of the survivors was

left without a ship to command, he said.

"I am ready to go out on another ship immediately."

The final count of dead listed only six civilians. They were three railroad men and three construction engineers. The rest were sailors, two officers, coast guardsmen and one marine. The damage to ships was over four million dollars; to naval installations, two million dollars; ammunition, not released; civilian property, millions of dollars.

That the men who were killed were the victims of war was pointed out by Rear Admiral C. H. Wright, naval boss of the district embracing Port Chicago. He said:

"Their sacrifice could not have been greater . . . their conduct was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

This is all that remained of the port after the explosion.







# Madame wore

She was a legend, with her gambling odium and her straight dealing. Even her manner of dying became legend



FOR THE gold fields she was too beautiful, too honest and too hard. She married 25 years in the Forty-nine mining camps—except for those few days she was married to the weather—and she never had a squawk about a wrong shuffle. Most of the time she was too busy dealing black-jack to worry about boys and tails. When she died, even the manner of her dying became a legend. Rightly she held true the code of the camp: "Pay up or die!"

She was called Madame Moustache, but her name was Eleanor Dumont. An olive-skinned, big-breasted, French-talking girl, she cuttishly stalked the Forty-nine gold fields. They remember her for her big heart and her square deals. Mostly they remember her for her thin-line moustache. Staidly she refused to get rid of it. She was sensible enough to admit that, "A shaver would ruin my business."

Eleanor Dumont descended into Nevada City, California in November, 1854. She was twenty. She carried a heavily-laden carpet bag. Before she had crossed the street to the ornate lobby of the Wells Union Hotel, the miners were whispering:

In a town of seven men to every woman a riot of speculation broke out. Was the new gal a charmer—mad? School Marm? Minnervart?

# a Moustache

WILLIAM HARRIN



A hotel that provided for recreation in some countries was that where she could fix up the wind in knots which they made in rope. When starting out on a journey, therefore, mountaineers carried one of these magic ropes with three knots, so they shape could and through coils they believed that the untiring of the proper knot would release a breeze, a moderate wind or a hell gale whatever one was needed.

For a week she stayed in her room at the hotel, keeping them guessing. When she was ready she crossed Broad Street in a hole-in-the-wall log chaise where she went into business.

Frequently the sign-maker spread the news. "Goodness wench," he reported, just after Madame Montacks had ordered the blue and white sign. "Latter d'Yungt-Eh-Uh," she said softly. "Make it dignified."

Madame brought in ruin and untidiness without from San Francisco, and crystal chandeliers. She called the carpenter and built the largest mahogany bar in town. The Nevada City population stood silent at the money she spent these weeks before her grand opening night.

Prospectors, townshouts, gamblers, and prigs, thronged to the lavish luxury of the Madame's elite casino. A gambling house that, strangely, possessed but one gambling table. Black-jack.

Here, where no other female was ever tolerated, Madame Mont-

acks dealt with the graceful assurance of the skilled card technician.

Madame Montacks whiled away two years of hard living in the cold-shot, gun-riddled, misty little village. From 1884 to 1886, she discreetly retreated each night to the master's rooms of the Belle Union. There she passed over the mounting stacks of silver dollars in the place, she made a fortune. With Nevada City squabbling on the fabulous Matthew Luck, how could she have missed? More than 200 million of gold running better-shelter out of the rich ground, and back again, into deep hiding. A pinch of gold could buy you a dollar's worth of drinks in the Madame's "Yungt-Eh-Uh." A whisky glassful bought a hundred-dollar chip, and when she had it she'd trade 1,000 dollars of greenbacks for a water tumbler of the gold powder.

Then Lucky Doc Tobin reappeared into the "Yungt-Eh-Uh." Tobin was a polished-mannered card sharp. He gradually assumed control, entering only now and then to the ponderous whims of Madame. Tobin brought in poker tables, keno and check-laying, Faro and roulette, a game played with peal balls. Eventually his administrative and gambling skills gave Eleanor Dumont's place a new lease of life. Between the two new partners, the "Yungt-Eh-Uh" prospered.

Late in 1888, Nevada City's fabulous mining activity momentarily jerked to a halt. On the rock-littered slopes and hillides, the yellow gleam had mysteriously vanished. The "fortuitous" Dry Diggins of Nevada City were exhausted. Madame knew the end had come.

The partners called it quits. For a year-and-a-half they had played

one game fair and square. They split the yellow hoard of money and Tobin left her as he had come.

Lucky Doc Tobin later stated a richer claim in the larger dumpings of New York's gold-plated swamps. There the gambler Tobin melted the lucrative Tweed ring masters of a fortune. Tobin died in 1888 leaving a million dollars or more, but not a cent of it to his alcoholic partner, Madame.

Doc's body was still warm when a hysterical cry, "Gold on Grass-hopper Creek", brought the lusty gamblers storming into a rich strike near West Bannack, Montana.

After ten grim years plucking chickens in the California pits, Madame Montacks—a little stouter now, a bit darker about the eyes—found West Bannack like an intoxicating breath of the world that had been here in Nevada City.

Now she triumphantly built a two-story place, with a large gambling space downstairs, and private cozy rooms in the attic. She loaded her house with the luxuries she'd ostentatiously displayed at Nevada City, strictly in the garnish-and-drinkin' business.

In her Bannack place she sold December day, 1888, she turned the rolling Boone Mine.

"Quiet, down, or clear out," she told him thinly.

The six-foot Miller looked down on her. "And if I don't?" he asked. Lamp-light glinted suddenly on the tiny dagger in her hand. Suddenly, her face dull-red, she rubbed the point of it into the nail of flesh above the Miller's belt-line.

Three weeks later, Boone Mine died. Not from the dagger stroke so much as from a virulent hanging, administered January 11, 1889.

Now it was 1888 and she was 32. Time was passing her by. She drifted to San Francisco and started a laundry house, but that project failed.

She married, obviously seeking a security she could never attain. Her new husband ran off with her bank-roll.

She returned philosophically to the country and the life she had loved. The Madame's barren mountacks was a gross growth of thick hair. Her once lovely face, now lined, had been deeply stamped with the unhappy passing of the years. In Pinala, Eureka, Deadwood, Rhysdale, Tombstone, Arizona, she came to lowest ebb. Forty-four years noted heavily upon her.

All the end in Bodea, California, 1879, she was a drab, but she lived a magnificent life. She stretched the last of the High Sierra gold towns with the worst of the bad men. Here, the miners found twenty-dollar gold pieces for the high. Daily, the Redie men belied the statements of the Wells Fargo stages. Dead men spittle-dugged on the twisted board sidewalks.

Meaningless, depleted, the lecherous Madame's word was still good to those who knew her.

At the bar of the Golden Gate saloon, she borrowed one thousand dollars.

"You'll get it back on Monday," she said, drinking her whiskey straight. "On Monday for certain."

"Sure," said the bartender. He gave her the money she asked for. Probably remembering what she had been, not what she was.

Her luck had run dry. They found her early Monday morning. A blue bottle of poison lay near her. She was dead.

Having lived in a code, she, too, died to a code.

# Flying to the Stars



Lucile 28-year-old Grace Hays is going to Hollywood tonight per medium of jet propulsion. Please welcome her to the taking flying lessons while making her climb up the Hollywood ladder



Wistfully she sits at the edge of a pool. Maybe she is thinking of the security of a plane. Perhaps, too, being interested in aviation, she was thinking of the seating of a class. And Hays!



Perhaps she is flying high, hoping to see shooting stars. Pathway photographer shot pose on the ground and a glance at the star and figure of Diana Moore went to point to her being among the stars shot by photographers.

## Stranger and

## STRANGER



### ROBOT

The most versatile mechanical man yet developed is Elektro, first exhibited in New York in 1938. Set in motion by the vibrations of the human voice, this 7-foot, 200 lb. robot will perform any one of 30 actions, such as walk, dance, recite on the fingers, identify visitors and speak. Most incredible of all, Elektro's intricate electrical mechanism, which includes eleven motors and scores of relays, tubes and coils, contains no less than 24,000 miles of wire—enough to encircle the earth at the equator.

### TOUGH

Retired dentist, Joseph Fuson, of Waco, Texas, was walking along the footpath when a former patient came up to him and pleaded with him to remove an aching tooth. Fuson told him he was no longer in practice, but the patient pleaded with him. Fuson borrowed a pair of pliers from a restaurant and yanked out the tooth on the spot.

### MELTING PALACE

An amusement palace made entirely of ice, covering five acres and costing 240,000 dollars, was opened for business in Leadville, Colorado, U.S.A., on January 1, 1906. It had

walls eight feet thick and contained a large skating rink, two ballrooms, a restaurant, a bar, lounge and dance. It was illuminated by thousands of electric lights. A two-way toboggan slide was operated between the entrance and the heart of the city five blocks away for those who wanted to use it. The building was packed every night, but the proprietor lost on it, having to close down four months later because the ice melted.

### REVOLUTION

George Washington used thirteen houses as his military headquarters during the Civil War as U.S.A., at various times for periods of several weeks. Recently a check was made and it was found that fifteen of these houses are still in existence. They are now being preserved by the U.S. Government and patriotic societies.

### SHORT BACK AND SIDES

In Miami the standard price for a haircut is one dollar 25 cents, which is about 11/3 Australian. One barber reduced his price to 75 cents and his nearest competitor put up a notice outside his own shop: "We repair 75-cent haircuts."



# The Greenhorn

GLYNN HARVEY

Here, and it was a strange welcome young Desmond got to the New Country, where with people friendly one minute and landlads' the next.

THE slatted half-door of Finnegan's saloon burst open and Bagnor's kid was framed against the night, his eyes dancing with excitement in a pole pool of freckles.

"They're comin' over the hill, Mr. Finnegan—" From beneath the bar Miler Finnegan drew a knobby blackthorn and waved it menacingly.

"Git along with ya, ya red-headed devil!"

With an embarrassed gulp the kid fled, and the slatted door swung nervously on its hinges.

Meanwhile, on the strength of the information brought by the freckle-faced scout, the habitués of Finnegan's were deploying according to the time-honored ritual. Old Man Fogarty and ginger Jim Gehagan quietly removed their beer glasses and withdrew to a table in the rear. Big Joe Manning calmly slipped out of his jacket, passed it over the bar to Finnegan, and resumed his meditative and solitary drinking.

The next few minutes were a kaleidoscope of tumbling, brawling chaos.

Elsewhere in the smoke-suffused room the same casually deliberate attitude was displayed. The shirt-bodied shed their coats and reentered themselves along the bar. The weak and trifling withdrew to the rear. Like a computer groping for rubrics, Finnegan drew a sheet of black-thorn sticks from under the bar and laid them on the counter.

"Aarrgh, boys!" he said softly, "well ye have a thought now for me glass window! And mind . . ." He counted off the string of attention from with a cold green stare . . . "don't be either bustin' one of me fine shillees on a concrete Kerry Valley shill!"

Then he shrugged, drew a red-shaded barometer lamp from a cabinet, and moved to the front window. There was always the remote possibility that the watch might light his foolish flicker of distrust. Then, again, he thought, "would be a coyin' chance for to have a good light interrupted."

On the far side of the rise lay Kerry Valley, sprawling testament range of the Greenhorns—those Irish who had emigrated directly from the Emerald Isle. Finnegan's own district was populated mainly by Rooks.

Between the two elements had sprung a soft and enthusiastic antagonism. This had led to more or less regular Saturday night raids and forays by roving bands of hoolies. It was all conducted in a spirit of good, clean fun. But it was hard on the furniture.

Finnegan's reflections were interrupted by the creaking of the shuttered door, and he turned around. His eyes widened with constancy as they appraised the rough horseman of the stranger's suit, the obvious newness of the grey woollen top.

The newcomer placed a well-stuffed carpet-bag against the wall

and approached the bar confidently. "And I suppose you'd be Mike Finnegan himself?" The stranger's voice was thick with the taste of port-wine and the soft spruce tang.

"I might be," replied Finnegan noncommittally. "And what might I do for ye, lad?"

The newcomer grinned. "Sure, ye might pour me a drink to wash away the malapropos memory of a long walk." Mike Finnegan's eyebrows twitched as the stranger drew a black purse from his pocket. "And ye might put me Wandharia foot along the road again."

"I'll put ye on yer way again and that, gladly," he said. "Aye, and quickly, too," he added, with a swift look to the street outside. "Sure, and where would ye be now, and yourself just off the boat?"

The stranger put down his glass and fumbled in the pocket of his jacket for a crumpled piece of paper.

"Where would I be findin' Rosalyn Skeritt?" The blue eyes left the paper and sought Finnegan's peep once. "It's where I'm told me mate, Con Desmond, that is, his a place much like yer own . . ."

The stranger felt the wall of silence crowding in on him. Mike Finnegan cleared his throat noisily and leaned across the counter.

"Look, lad," he said in a hoarse whisper. His finger pointed out into the street. "There's two men to every hill and 'tis on the wrong side of the one that ye are. Over the top and down to the bottom and ye'll find Conale Desmond's shilleah of misguts, and bad luck to him and the thick-skulled greenhorns who drink his rotten whisky."

From out of the night came the hollow sound of marching feet and the rising murmur of voices.

Con Desmond's nephew ran his nose along the cold, loose fence. He turned back to Mike Finnegan. "Is it the cut of me clothes ye don't care for? Or maybe it's ye don't want me custom, at all, at all . . ."

Finnegan cut him short with a gesture of impatience.

"Watch, lad," he said curtly. "It's not parish at all. And it's too long a story to be either tellin' ye right now. But will ye please leave, beg in hand, before I have to and for yer uncle to come and identify the body?"

Outside, the sound of pattering marchers was tumbling down the slope of the hill. The spearhead of the Finnegan Guards shuffled nervously at the bar.

A subtle change had come over the nephew of Con Desmond. But his rich, husky voice was still even and unharmed as he announced: "I don't like this" ordered out of any place without rhyme or reason. I come in like a gentleman and addressed a civil question to ye.

If ye don't care to answer like a gentleman ye can hold yer gob. I'll drink me drink like a gentleman and have like a gentleman . . . when I get damn good and ready."

Mike Finnegan parried his lips in a mass of despair.

"Agh!" he said, addressing himself at the corner of a philosopher who has looked upon mankind and found it generally depressing. "There's naught' ficker than a thick neck!"

From the tail of his eye he saw a white face pressed against the front pane. Then another, and another.

Tim Desmond was standing a few paces from the bar with doubled fists. His glare dripped from person to person, challenging. He was unaware of the developments in the street behind him.

"Do I drink me drink in peace, gentlemen?" he inquired in a voice that was acquiring a distinct edge. "or do I have to head out a few lessons in old-world courtesy first?"



"... ah ha! ... well I wouldn't give her the satisfaction . . . that's right . . . you're absolutely . . ."

Big Joe Hennesey leaped against the bar, his ham-like arms folded and a trace of a smile on his lips.

"I don't think ye'll finish yer drink in peace, murther," he said nastily, almost sadly. "And as for lessons in courtesy, 'tis one hell of a time ye take to discuss etiquette."

Hennesey's voice trailed off and was lost as both doors banged open and a growling phalanx of men hurried themselves into the room. Hennesey whirled away from the bar with the explosive grace of a cat and met the onrush with both fists pumping like pistons.

Tim Desmond stood in mid-floor transfixed with wonder as the growling battle raged and raged around him. Then a flying fist struck him high on the cheek and spun him against the bar, transfixing him instantly from spectator to participant.

The next few minutes were a kaleidoscope of bawling, howling, chaos. Tim sensed that blows were raining on him but didn't feel them. Then he was standing by the door shoulder to shoulder with the big Hennesey, and they were driving the invaders into the street. Then they were in the street and the lot of the Kerry Valley workers was picking himself up from the cobblestones and limping energetically off into the darkness.

"Man, dear!" exclaimed Joe Hennesey, draping an arm on Tim's shoulder. "Tis a fine right hand ye carry there. Come along in and we'll have a tall one together. Sure, the exercise has given me a murther's thirst."

Together they re-entered Finnegan's place, where the proprietor had anticipated their wants with tall bottles of ale.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a broad sweep of his hand, "the drinks are on Finnegan. And

thanks for murther' the workers."

Hennesey wiped a slick of blood from the corner of his mouth and gave Tim Desmond an affectionate hug.

"And wasn't he the boy-oh!" he declared, gazing proudly on Tim, who generously hid a winking eye.

Old Miss Fogarty wagged his gray head sadly. "Ah, he was that," said the old fellow, "and sure, I do be thinkin', 'twill be a black hour for the Finnegan Guards when he crosses over the hill again."

A chill quiet descended. An eye, eye travelled to scanning Tim Desmond in this new light.

"Now, what is Hennesey's name are ye blacken' about?" he demanded frostily. He turned inquiringly to Finnegan, who was studying him shrewdly.

"I suppose ye know, lad," he said smoothly, "but ye'll find no warm greasin' for ye at yer Uncle Cor's this night! Especially," he added with heavy significance, "from O'Hara, him ye despised at the bar. Or from Murphy, the one ye were after throwin' out into the street . . ."

Tim Desmond digested this intelligence thoughtfully. Then he pushed himself away from the bar and buttoned his jacket.

"Good night to yin," he said softly. "Sure, I think I can find me home now. I'll just follow the trail of bloody noses over the hill." Without another word he turned and passed through the swinging door.

With a curl of his lips young Carroll broke the silence.

"He's just like all the green-horn-slick in the land."

Big Joe Hennesey scooped into his empty glass and swished around the last few drops of ale.

"Til about him good next Sunday night," he growled.

# CARTOON CAVALCADE



"I'm getting mighty tired of this situation!"



"... and to my greedy brother, Willie..."



"Would it interest you to know that Daddy can get jewellery wholesale?"



"My other suitcase has shirts. You'll find the buttons in a small envelope."





M. J. Murphy



## In love with Danger

JOHN D. JUKES

A SMALL audience watched tensely as the leopard, Barnab, edged slowly, subdued ferocity and power obvious in his eyes, toward the bowed head of his master, Fritz Glarner.

Closer and still closer Barnab came. Fritz stared unblinkingly back at the beast. He kept uttering soft authoritative commands, which the animal seemed to understand.

Barnab's trap-like jaws were now only inches away from Fritz's

face, and the audience held its breath for the inevitable climax. One scream from a frightened woman, one movement from an astonished man, might turn the docile Barnab into a raging machine of death.

But the onlookers had been warned, and they remained silent.

Would you kiss a leopard? Training wild animals is easy—if you use the right approach!

Fritz loved his head a little and with a graceful, upward sweep of Burnish's head, the lips of heat and master met in the strange, deadly kiss—a short kiss as kisses go, yet an almost spectacular may have seen a posture of cool affection on Fritz's part, and a desire to please on Burnish's.

The act was over. Burnish, a man-eater by instinct, bounded back to his mat. Fritz again stood upright and the audience let out its breath—stated that this lean, weather-beaten man had amply completed the act, weary after five minutes of electrified suspense.

After three years of patience, persistent understanding and steady training, Fritz Glarner had again shown that Nature's most unpredictable and dangerous act, the leopard could—and would—respond to human friendship. It was a spectacular demonstration, Fritz's life was held at that moment in the balance of the trust and affection of a man-eater.

Londoner wrote: "Talk not of wasted affection! Affection is never wasted." And that is the basis upon which Fritz Glarner trains his two leopards, Burnish and Rajah.

Fritz's story began three years ago when he was contacted to work as a construction engineer, living a routine life in a quiet suburb looking forward to a safe and unexciting future like so many men who lead an adventurous existence. He too, was back to one single happening that changed the course of his entire life. Yet, the event was nothing more exceptional than entering a library to browse through a book.

At first he found the book interesting. Then, as he flicked through the pages, staring here and there to read a line or two, that innocent-looking book changed into

a bright star, a lodestone. For the 17-year-old construction engineer it supplied the impulse to a quick decision which was to make him an animal tamer, broadening beyond belief his outlook on life and his understanding of Nature's creatures.

The book was called "Les Compagnons" (Assured Travelers), and was written by the French journalist, Henri Thérard, Glarner having read it plunged into long hours of study before one day he bought two leopard cubs which he named Burnish and Rajah.

He knew that neither cub would know that there are so-called "tame" leopards, and wild leopards, had leopards and good leopards, but there are no safe leopards—there are no safe animals at all in the big old family.

But Fritz believed there is good in everything, if you can find it, and with his purchase of the two cuddly leopard cubs, he was becoming a very risky bet of his theories.

His first task was to establish trust in the baby-minds of his two charges. They were living creatures, with the kernel of love and affection implanted deeply behind their marbled, kittenish faces, he believed. They must never be treated as goods and chattels. They needed friendship and trust. He had to win that from them.

After the initial stages of building trust in the young cubs, simply by letting them get used to him, by standing silently in their cage with them to let them realize fully that he meant them no harm, and allowing them to "convincent" him—Fritz tried feeding them in different ways. He had to determine their individual preferences to that he could form an act routine around them.



He began by feeding them by hand simultaneously, giving each the same amount. Then he placed pieces of meat on the top of his head, on his chest or he lay beside them, and then between his lips. Once while Rajah was taking meat from Fritz's mouth their eyes met. Fortunately Fritz turned his eyes aside, for if he had not, Rajah would have snapped at him, in the manner of dogs having a firm grip on the same bone.

Burnish responded better to the lip-feeding technique than Rajah, and it was in this early stage that the "Kiss of Death" was born.

As Burnish grew, Fritz used the same authoritative utterances as he held the piece of meat between his lips, and in time the great disappeared, the knee remained

Burnish, the leopard, leaps between Fritz's arms.

Training leopards sounds simple. But not everyone can make a friend of a leopard or any of the jungle cats. The better a man is able to understand animals, the better chance that man has of being accepted as a friend.

Take the tradesman who runs for safety with "He-wouldn't-burt-anything" Fritz is close and smiling person.

The tradesman naturally fears Fido—he meets too many dogs that snap on principle, and who have received the same unsympathetic treatment from strangers.

Yet all dogs—domestic or wild—have an unmountable impudence

of the fence "scent of fear" which all animals and humans excrete when afraid. The domestic pet attacks those who "scent of fear" as time goes by the dog grows to think that all strangers are afraid, and it becomes a matter of course for him to attack.

But if the same trespasser were to try a new approach (and it is up to him, not the dog, to make the attempt), such as to avoid the dog until he is no longer afraid, then call the dog to him, a firm friendship could be established.

With man and his relationship with wild animals it is the same. They could, and probably would, respond to man's friendship.

Man will never be understood to any marked degree by animals; but there are things common to both man and beast—love, tenderness, desire for safety and food, and distrust of that which cannot be understood.

Meet an animal with these common characteristics and a bond of affection can be formed. Fritz Glerner learned this in "Les Compagnons", and over the next three years he learned a lot more about Barnash and Rajah, for, like humans, these two beasts had individual characteristics.

Fritz once said, "Give a leopard affection, understanding, and patient training, get to know his likes and dislikes—and let him know yours, too!—and the reward is sweet indeed."

Every consideration for the leopard's happiness in their cage had to be met by Fritz, so he made their cage himself, to his own exacting standards. There was plenty of fresh running water, the cage had no solid walls or ceiling being comprised of bars, a den in which both could feel safe—a retreat where they could observe

and guard against intruders. A cage door system providing a safe means of entry and exit from the cage for Fritz.

This was the home of the leopards. They preferred the cage to the outside world, and were always anxious to return to it when Fritz took them for a walk.

Fritz maintains that an escaped animal is dangerous because it is afraid of its new-found freedom.

The opinion was formed when Rajah, then nearly full-grown and the more ferocious of the two, leapt off into the forest one day while Fritz was observing him. A six-foot leash trailed behind him on the ground.

Fritz could not find Rajah in time to snap a public box and cage. Men armed with nets and arrows surrounded the forest and chased in.

The springing leopard was found half way up a tree with the leash tangled in the branches. Fritz sent the men back a distance, and leading Barnash, walked underneath the tree. He took no notice of Rajah, but he sat down beside Barnash to rest.

Barnash's attention was sharply drawn by a crashing in the forest near by. Fritz immediately came to the alert as Barnash did, then observing Rajah, on the tree, that he was on their side.

Rajah's trust in Fritz was thus maintained and after a time allowed the leash to be untangled, and climbed down to join Barnash and Fritz.

A handfed parrot from home, Rajah again, broke loose, and bounded off toward its cage. He was walking jauntily when his master arrived to let him in.

Barnash and Rajah were not always happy, "tame", and placid creatures. Once Fritz was attrac-

ted to the cage by their snarling and spitting. They were pecking swiftly around as a frightened friend of Fritz's stood twenty yards away.

The friend explained to Fritz that he had been testing the leopard's reaction for her's eggs, as some of her friends had eggs in nests they had made in the gram.

When his friend had gone, Fritz walked up to the cage and waited for his presence to calm them. He opened the cage door and walked well inside as they retreated to one end. Rajah slid back into the den. Soon Barnash also retreated into the den, and joined Rajah in snarling. Fritz walked to the den, gently pulling the wire of his leopards. After a few moments he slid his entire body into the den and relaxed with them.

By this time they were quiet again, but Fritz's friend again approached the cage. Rajah immediately came to the alert with Fritz leading Barnash to the other perch hole in the den, and so, with a complete sense of being on the defensive, Barnash and Rajah sat

that Fritz was one of them, and soon emerged from the den to allow Fritz's friend to stand outside the cage without upsetting them.

To make a successful animal trainer a person needs plenty of nerve and confidence in his own ability. He must be capable of quick, clear thinking, must have infinite patience, must be well versed in the peculiarities of his animals, and know how to show them off to their best advantage.

The safety of the animal trainer, Fritz Glerner found, is sometimes a very narrow margin; but if the training is sound, a high mutual liking and "understanding" would keep this margin wide.

That is the true trial of animal training: to put a man's power body and highly developed mind against the ungraspable nature of the big cats. This is the thrill which now makes Fritz Glerner happy. He looks back on the strains, strains and misadventures of his former construction engineering days and says he wouldn't revert to those days for anything.



"Feeling rather low today, eh?"



**No. 16**

## ***A Real Family Home***

W. WATSON SHARP

# **Cavalcade home of the Month**

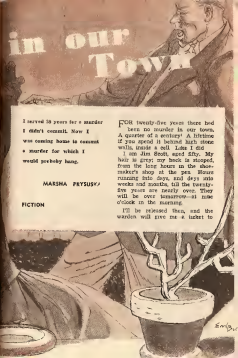
**A**LTHOUGH the majority of houses built in Australia contain two bedrooms, it is really necessary to have three to develop a real family home. CAVALCADE suggests this plan for such a home. A large living-dining room opens on to a terrace which is fully covered, thus making for all-weather out-door living. The three bedrooms, each with its own built-in wardrobe, open off a small central hall, which also provides access to the bathroom. The kitchen serves

direct to the dining room and also opens on to an out-door porch. Whilst the laundry door is off the same porch, there is a pass-through for soiled linen adjacent to the bedrooms. The garage is shown attached to the house to provide dry access in all weathers. The overall area of this house is 1400 square feet, excluding the garage. The minimum frontage required to accommodate it is 72 feet or 50 feet, according to the way it is placed.





# No Murder



# in our Town

I served 10 years for a murder  
I didn't commit. Now I  
was coming home to commit  
a murder for which I  
would probably hang.

MARINA PRYSKIN

FICTION

FOR twenty-five years there had  
been no murder in our town.  
A quarter of a century! A lifetime  
if you spend it behind high stone  
walls, inside a cell. Like I did.  
I am Jim Scott, aged fifty. My  
hair is gray; my back is stooped,  
from the long hours in the shoe-  
maker's shop at the pen. Months  
running into days, and days into  
weeks and months, till the twenty-  
five years are nearly over. They  
will be over tomorrow—at nine  
o'clock in the morning.

I'll be released then, and the  
warden will give me a ticket to

my home town—my home town, where no murder had been committed for the last twenty-five years.

Tonight is the last one in the cell which I share with Charlie. He has been here four years now and he has another 20 to do.

Charlie killed a man. The circumstances, the evidence and the nature of the man Charlie murdered were such that it was impossible for the judge to give Charlie the death sentence. I don't think he would have wanted to Society benefits when a murder like this is committed. He going to benefit from the one I'm going to commit, too. Yes, there's going to be another murder in our town. The first one is twenty-five years.

They are going to say, "Once a murderer, always a murderer." I won't worry me. I only hope it won't take long until they hang me; but when they do, it will be for one murder only. The first one was committed by Alvin Brady, and he is the man I'm going to kill.

He must have changed in twenty-five years, but not so much as I have. He won't recognize me. I don't think he has actually forgotten me. Margie's death must have kept the memory alive. Of course, he may have moved away; but I have a hunch that I'll find him, where this story started—in a roomhouse outside our town. It used to be called *The Haven*.

Nick was the owner of *The Haven*, before Brady changed his status to co-owner and control all at once. *The Haven* was nothing else but a gambling hall. Poker machines in the bar downstairs and pool tables and bettable tables upstairs, where only screened customers were allowed to lose their money.

Don't get me wrong, there was nothing crooked about *The Haven*.

or Nick. All the games were on the level. Nick was smart; he knew that he could make plenty without loading the dice. The odds always ran for the house. Sure, now and again someone made a killing, but it didn't happen often enough to worry Nick.

Brady first came to *The Haven* on a night when nothing very exciting happened. Real, the crooper, looked as usual, his impulsive self. He held the rake in his right hand, and his actions as always, were fully automatic, when he either pushed the chips away from himself or towards him.

I noticed Brady as soon as he purchased himself on the stool, because he was sitting directly opposite me. Brady put a ten-spot on No. 12, and when the number came up he doubled on 11 and lost. He went for the rest of the night, win and lose. He didn't appear to mind much. But his eyes kept watching the bank roll, greedily and there was a fractional fire burning in them.

After that night Brady became a fixture in *The Haven*. He usually numbered in about eight o'clock and stayed till late—sometimes till closing time, which was two in the morning. He always lost more than he won, so did most of the others; but there was an air of expectancy about Brady, as though he was waiting for something to break. He fascinated me and I often talked about him to Margie, my sister.

Margie was all the family I had. Our parents died in a car accident two years before. Margie looked after the house, and, considering she was only nineteen at the time, did a very good job. I was proud of Margie.

For years the town's newspaper had been in our family. It wasn't much of a paper if you compare it

with the big-town dailies; but Margie and I grew up in its shadow and when Dad died it was up to me to carry on. Old Miss Forsythe helped a lot. She had been Father's secretary, and what she didn't know about our town wasn't worth knowing. In that first year Miss Forsythe was my tower of strength.

Sometimes I took Margie to *The Haven*, mostly when Nick brought some head from the city for an occasional dance-night. She liked the feel of a really sophisticated place, and her boy friends couldn't afford to take her there.

That's how she met Alvin Brady. That night we danced a few times and Margie asked could she come upstairs and watch the players. I asked Nick first. He didn't like girls near the tables—not girls like Margie. But Margie was special. We watched the players for a while, and were ready to go down again when Brady looked over in that effortless way he had.

"Introduce me, Jim," he almost commanded.

I and the necessary words, and afterwards Margie danced with Brady exclusively.

He must have been giving her a terrible time, for Margie was all smiles and blanches. I suppose a man like Brady is very attractive to a girl who so far only met boys she had been to school with. He was tall, dark and handsome, and he had that something extra—a false sort of grace.

She went out with him a few times, and I didn't like it. There was nothing I could say on Brady, but then there was nothing in his favor, either. He came from nowhere and settled in our town. No one knew what his business was, because he never talked about himself.

I talked to Margie about Brady, trying not to put on the older-brother act. It didn't do my good. As far as my sister was concerned, there was only one man in this world—Alvin Brady.

I still hung around *The Haven*. I didn't gamble very much, but, being there, I more or less ascertained that I kept my hand on the pulse of the town. And I began to notice things Brady, for instance; no, that's wrong, because my sister in Brady had now increased tremendously. Now and then I noticed him talking to people who were shady characters in the true sense of the word. They walked in the shadows, became sunlight, for there, was not beauty.

One of these men was what soap operas call the "force behind the curtain." In true life these people are just cheap crooks, who threaten, cajole, and, if need be, murder. People like these are always mixed up in "protection" rackets, and they are not the type of men you like your sister to be friendly with.

Sometimes Margie was out as late as three in the morning. She wouldn't listen to reason. One thing, though, she never invited Brady to the house, and I took hope in that. I figured Margie must know that he was wrong, and she must be thinking of ditching it. Poor kid, maybe she couldn't help herself.

It was raining the night Nick telephoned. I had stayed at home, deciding *The Haven* would get along without me, for once I picked up the receiver and heard an awful din, as though glass was being smashed. Nick's throaty voice was coming over the line.

"Jim, come out here, quick, or it may be too late. It's Brady."

I went out there, quick. The room upstairs was a shambles.

Brady, standing in the middle of it, was throwing glasses against the wall. Nick was pale. He called me aside as soon as I came in.

"What's up? Can't you throw him out?" I asked.

"He's really lost a lot of money and he's drunk. I don't want he should drive the car in this condition."

"You worry about this some?" I asked incredulously.

Nick lowered his eyes, as though he had something unpleasant to tell me.

"Go on, Nick; what's on your mind?"

"All right, Jim; this is why I called you. There is someone in the gap—Marge."

He walked away and left me, and there were black and red rings revealed in front of my eyes—or maybe it was behind them. I don't know; I only knew that Marge was in every one of those rings.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"He needed, pointing bitterly at Brady. "He said, 'There's a girl in the car who'll walk, no matter how long.' It added up; that's why I called, Jim."

My first thought was to tell Brady. But I knew nothing is solved that way. I know better now.

I walked up to where Brady was standing. His face transformed into a dirty lie.

"The little brother, eh? Well, take this!"

He threw a brandy goblet at me, Nick and I finally managed to drag him into Nick's office.

Brady was still swaying. What he said about Marge made me boil; I would have finished him there and then if it hadn't been for Nick.

"You're too good to hang for murdering this house," he said. I remember his voice was quiet and it had a lot of compassion in it. We

both looked down, and there when Brady fired his gun I doubt whether he even took aim. From that distance he could not miss. There was so much of Nick.

I threw myself forward, trying to grab the gun from Brady, but it was too late. Nick was writhing on the floor in a pool of blood. Brady sobbed at once in the seconds before the people started hammering on the door, he said, as if all this was part of his plan. "You killed him, Jim, remember that. You killed him!"

"You're mad, Brady."

"Marge," he drawled slowly, "I could say a lot about Marge. Ask her, if you don't believe me—or are you scared?"

I wanted scared to ask Marge, but I didn't have to ask her. I knew Brady was telling the truth, and there was only one thing I would do now—tell the police I killed Nick.

Brady knew there was only one way he could get me to take the rap for a murder—through Marge. He knew I loved her more than my life. And he had to kill Nick, because he owed Nick money, not only from that night, but from before then as well. He staged the whole performance.

Marge hired the best lawyer in the State. She never for a second believed in my guilt, no matter how hard I tried to persuade her into believing. After the trial I asked her to sell the paper and the house and move away. But she didn't. She carried on, until she, too, couldn't take it any longer. Doctors say you can't die of a broken heart, but I know better.

It's almost daylight now, and pretty soon I'll be on that train. On the train to our town—our town where there hasn't been a murder for twenty-five years.

# MONKEY GLANDS

## Can't keep you young

CAVALCADE'S

**KNOW YOURSELF**  
SECTION

In the history of health, man has never taught eternal youth. Many thought that Vernead had discovered it with his monkey glands.

LEE GUARDI

**DURING** the twenties the world thought it had discovered the secret of eternal youth. The unromantic name of the secret was "monkey glands."

Thousands of ailing men—some not so old—paid large sums to surgeons to graft into their bodies the reproductive glands of apes and chimpanzees.

It was freely predicted at the height of the monkey-gland craze that successful grafts would enable the subject to live to 140 years.

In France, repression by monkey glands was regarded so seriously that the Government prohibited the painting and killing of monkeys in the French colonial possessions. England was not so strict—although, surgeons hoping to perform the operation met stern opposition from the R.F.C. and the Anti-Vivisection Society. The B.M.A. put a ban on the operation.





Above: The old bull "Jacky" on the day of operation, taken before the graft. Below: "Jacky" at the age of twenty, three years after the graft.

Many prominent medical men all over the world believed in the practicability of the monkey-gland graft.

Gratifying results of the grafts in many cases were regularly announced. Conservative medical opinion, however, was that the supposed benefits were more psychological than physical.

The first to conceive the idea of rejuvenation by glandular grafts was a Frenchman named Charles Edmond Brown-Séquard. He died before the turn of the century.

Some years later they were taken up by Dr. Serge Voronoff. His practical operations made him a fortune.

Dr. Voronoff died then at the age of 42. He was remarkably spry, active and mentally alert to the end. He had a beautiful wife nearly 20 years younger than himself.

However, he exhibited no more signs of youthfulness and vigor than do hundreds of other bright, well-preserved old men.

Voronoff was a Russian, born near Moscow, but he spent most of his life in France. He graduated in Medicine at the University of Paris. He was famous as a surgeon long before he began to dabble in gland experiments.

Study of Brown-Séquard's earlier work led him to gland-grafting. Soon he achieved spectacular results on animals—particularly mice and bulls.

Voronoff began by grafting the sex gland of a healthy two-year-old man on a weak and dying 12-year-old man. The old man regained his virility, delivered five more lumps, and lived to the remarkable age of 26.

Voronoff achieved the same results with bulls.

The animals grew about 20 per cent heavier than those not treated. Their progeny, in their turn, showed similar increases.

The first human patient Dr. Voronoff had was a 68-year-old manufacturer in June, 1904. He was virtually "worn out" with overwork and business worry. A year after the operation the patient was a changed man. The manufacturer before had been stout, flabby, bent, with dull eyes and the slow, shuffling walk of an invalid. The monkey gland had turned him into a slim, alert, young-looking man, already performing prodigious feats to re-establish himself in business.

His second "pouch-pig" was a 72-year-old peasant named Georges Behr.

"Bodily bent and shriveled, still untamed, satish look, considerable emaciation, general appearance of great physiological debilitation," Voronoff described the patient.

Thirteen months later, he wrote: "Georges Behr was literally unrecognizable. Instead of the pale and debilitated being with wandering eyes, hollow cheeks and pitifully shrunken body, we had before us a man, with a full, jovial and ruddy face, sparkling eyes, and general appearance of sparkling health."

The publicity accorded the change in the Althaus peasant "made" Dr. Serge Voronoff. Kind and discreet men from all over the world came to him. They paid him \$1,000 for the chance of a second lifetime. It is estimated Voronoff performed 1,000 such monkey-gland operations.

Men were not the only Voronoff patients. He grafted ovaries of female apes on aged women.

Dr. Voronoff bought himself a palatial chateau at Mentone on the French-Italian border. It was called Castle Germaich. In case he kept a supply of 120 apes ready for his operations. One huge specimen named Theodor, was reported to be earmarked to supply the needed gland for Voronoff himself when

he felt the need of rejuvenation. It is believed he directed other surgeons to perform the gland graft on himself in 1922.

In World War II Voronoff and his wife went to America, at the close of the German invasion. When he returned after the armistice, he found his chateau almost in ruins. His monkeys were gone. He retired to a life of ease with his wife at Lacanette, Switzerland.

Voronoff died in 1924 and the idea that he developed virtually died with him. It had proved itself but was superseded by something better.

Men, as still widely interested in the restoration of sexual vigor in the aged, but he seems to accomplish it by the simpler method of injecting hormones. Now the monkey gland comes in no more than a medical oddity. Experts do not consider it will ever prove itself as a profitable means of rejuvenation.

The monkeys are no doubt very glad to hear it.

Left: George Behr, twenty-three years old, taken before the grafting operation. Right: George Behr, twenty-seven years old, four years after the graft.







# Indecision can send you crazy

Do you change your mind often? Can you start straight late work without distraction? You may be suffering from shells. But you can help yourself.

C. J. RYAN

**L**ORD NUFFIELD and Henry

Ford became millionaires because they each saw an idea and made up their minds to do something about it before someone else found the same thing. Napoleon and Lord Montgomery became great war generals because they made decisions and stuck to them. Instead of waiting for the enemy to take the lead from them. History of the past and of the present has many cases of men—and women—who made decisions, stuck by those decisions and became rich or made immortal names for themselves.

Are you capable of making quick decisions and carrying out the job at hand? Or are you a "wobbler" a person of indecision? There are many who can't find the resolution to get on with the job instead of thinking about it.

Psychologists have a name for the disease which keeps people unhappy, frustrated, negative features. It is *shelliness*—inability to make decisions. Derived from the Greek, the term means a sufferer's will-power has gone or deteriorated. Dan is a writer I know who is a wobbler. He jumps out of bed in the morning, full of energy and steaming at the thought to get to work. Then begins a procession of delays to prevent him starting the job in hand. He lingers over breakfast, has an extra cigarette, drinks another cup of tea, reads the paper. Then he decides a

break with will help him to think.

Returning from his walk, he looks for his desk, then decides he needs a haircut, or remembers to ring a friend. Finally, he notices that it needs only a half hour to lunch time. No point in starting in that short time.

So it goes on. He does no work at all that day. And there are millions of people like him. They don't accomplish what they set out to do because they can't get started. Often they defer making up their minds because they are afraid of making mistakes. They don't realize that everyone makes mistakes.

The correct approach to this is to say, "It won't happen again." Then get down to work.

Shells victims are all around us. A mild case is Nancy, Dan's wife. She spends days deciding whether or not to buy a new dress. She discusses it interminably with Dan then starts ringing her friends to get their opinions on the matter.

Eventually Nancy goes to the dress shop. She is cold with fear at the decision she has to make. From one shop to another she goes and she tries an score of dresses. She begs assistance to tell her whether she looks better in the pink with the cluster of artificial grapes on the bosom, or perhaps in the emerald green with the daisy little fur collar and the slit up the side.

Finally she goes home without making a purchase—to consult with

Don again and met Maggie and Mildred and Mother, to drag them into the interview.

Sometimes it all results in Nancy getting a new dress. Sometimes her indecision makes her discard the idea altogether and begin over again with patterns and materials, making the dress herself. Sometimes she takes the dress home and goes through agonies for a few days as she "knows" she has done the wrong thing. Then she gets out of it by sending her purchase back to the shop.

The different habits of Don and Nancy are typical. Abulia is a disease which is progressive. It starts with delaying simple choices, a nuisance for lazy, fazed minds and lack of will-power. Victims are unable to use their own judgment through lack of practice. They deteriorate to the point of depending on others to make every major decision for them. Finally they are unable to put even the borrowed decisions of others into practice.

Psychiatrists meet bad cases of abulia, where the patient's whole will is affected and he is a candidate for the mental home. Even a mild habit of indecision about trifles can develop to the point of complete paralysis of will. Such a victim can stand before a door for an hour and be unable to enter. Although he may want to go in and earnestly desire to turn the handle, his weak mind has not the decision-making power to force his hand to do it.

He may be thirsty, but unable to lift a glass of water to his lips. He may be hungry, but unable to put food in his mouth. Everything has to be done for them. They are

numbness in systems and mental habits.

Frequently the abulia victim doesn't recognize that he or she is so affected. I once worked in an office with a girl named Lucy. After a brilliant school career, she had started these five years before as a typist. In the interim the firm expanded rapidly. It employed ten times as many girls in the office as when Lucy started to work there, yet she was still a typist. She complained of inattention when working, when she received bad much less experience and intelligence, reserved promotion above her.

The reason was Lucy's habit of indecision. It was apparent to anyone who watched her at work. She would ask someone how many copies of a certain letter were required. She would ponder the office manager as to the order in which she would do different tasks. She would request opinions as to whether a piece of typing was correctly spaced, whether she should address a letter to a firm's office or G.P.O. box and whether she needed a new ribbon on her machine. Finally, when she went out to lunch she queried everyone, from the office boy up, as to whether it was cold enough for her coat.

Knowing the danger, the possible break-down of will-power, the chances even of progressive deterioration of mind, that confront the abulia victim, our natural query is: "What can be done about it?"

First give yourself a searching examination. How many times in the past week have you made a decision? Did you make these quickly and firmly or did you delay and dither? Did you consult

other people before you came to the decision? Did you change any of them on further consideration?

Think carefully, but you change a lot after putting another one on! Don't forget the time you telephoned someone and then hung up before he answered. How about the time you called the office boy back and changed the lunch order you had given him?

Having remembered all the occasions you showed lack of decision fit it up to yourself to judge whether you are an abulia sufferer or not. You can score points for your answers and know by the results whether your mind and will are growing fazed and you're living a negative version of a positive life.

If you're showing signs of indecision (and most people are mild sufferers from abulia all the time), fit up to you to do something about it. Ask yourself a simple query: "What shall I do?"

Get a mass of your own on all subjects. Don't be a pushover for someone else's decision. Be self-reliant.

Get to work now in systematic—or at least to fight—your tendencies to abulia. Make drinking targets and goals for yourself. Write down what you want to do and when you are going to do it. Then carry out what you have written. The worst that can happen is that you'll be wrong, but what you have done, even if wrong, will be of more value than doing nothing.

You must have faith in what you do. The successful man does not get gray hairs wondering whether or not his decision was right.

It may not be the best, but it is worth trying. If trial and error you will discover what procedure is correct. We can't all be Aristotle.

no one can expect you to do more than your best.

Behind many abulia victims is a single cause: they are indecisive because they have not clearly defined their goal. Once you are sure of what you are striving for, most decisions come easy. You will naturally choose the alternative that is most directly aimed to achieve your purpose.

Then, the writer who cannot work, should fight his weakness by setting a definite period of time to write. Say two hours. It is better to set a small target well within your limits, or you will fail and lose heart at your first attempt.

Don should sit down and write for his set period as soon as he gets out of bed and has had shower. All his distractions must be left until after he has finished his two-hour target and is free for the rest of the day.

Once he has succeeded in finishing two hours' work without procrastination, he will be well on the way to victory over his weakness. Within a week he'll be increasing it to a longer period—and accomplishing it.

There are a variety of methods that help to kill the spirit of abulia. The victim must force himself to make quick decisions to be decisive. He must realize that few questions require prolonged debate. A fast decision is better than no decision.

When asked for an opinion, he must give one. He must not choose the easy way of answering, "Don't ask me." That way Don loses of mental judgment, confirmation of will-power, the development of self-doubt, inferiority and lack of confidence.

Act as if it were impossible to fail—and miraculously you will find that generally it is so.



# Thyroid—hidden cause of misery

Are you always tired, discouraged, lousy? Have you nervous, asthma, migraines? Maybe you have a thyroid deficiency. But you can be cured.

BY M. M. HOGAN

within the body. It is as delicate as a lightning trigger, and can be thrown out of balance easily and frequently. The worst things that upset it are still among the unsolved puzzles of medicine. Nervous and emotional upsets, however, particularly in women, are recognized as being likely basic factors that send the sensitive gland off-key.

There are two types of thyroid disturbance. The first—following

insufficient hormone production and under-activity of the gland—is called hypothyroidism. The other—following excess hormone production and over-activity of the gland—is called hyperthyroidism.

Both result in inefficient, lethargic, unhappy people. Thousands of victims suffer the symptoms without knowing what is wrong with them. They accept their half-dazed lives as normal. Actually, with proper medical treatment, most thyroid disturbances can be cor-

rected so that normal health is restored.

Are you fatigued and vaguely discouraged and lousy? Are you plagued by constant irritating minor ailments? Do things always seem to go wrong for you, making you nervous and cranky? Have you lost interest in all the exciting little side facets of living so that now it takes all your efforts just to exist?

With any of these conditions you probably would not go to the doctor. You probably put it down to over-

**YOU'RE** very lucky if you have a healthy thyroid gland. The thyroid is a butterfly-shaped organ in your neck, and it can make or break you. If it is out of order it can be as disastrous as a diet of thallium, or more so.

The thyroid produces essential hormone required for the general

work at too little relaxation.

To a doctor, however, these vague complaints may signify the first of the two conditions described—an under-active thyroid.

When thyroid hormone is supplied in the form of a manufactured extract—and frequently only a few grains a day of this for a short period is necessary—the patient begins to feel like an overworked school kid again.

The classic example of hypothyroidism is the dull, heavy-lidded, slow-speaking, supposedly "fat" boy or "fat girl" we all know at school. They shun activity. They sleep away half their lives and yet are perpetually tired. They are listless and unhappy. If they marry they are often sterile.

Additional quantities of the glandular secretions they lack, if taken daily through the mouth, often can work wonders.

Such obesity cases number only about ten per cent of hypothyroids now being detected. The biggest percentage of hypothyroids are those plagued simply by over-weighting tendencies.

If you are tired and nervous and run down and show no improvement under the ordinary treatment of rest and relaxation, you should consult your doctor with a view to being tested for a deficiency of thyroid hormones.

Frequent coughs, asthma, asthma and even migraine headaches have been traced to a deficiency of hormones due to the sluggish glands of a hypothyroid. Even some ulcers, weak palms and soles of the feet and limbs, and neuritis have responded to doses of thyroid extract to build up the hormone supply, the job the thyroid itself is failing to do.

The more serious form of thyroid upset is hyperthyroidism. It is

the opposite to hypothyroidism. The gland in this case is over-active and is driving the victim unmercifully fast.

Many hyperthyroids develop a slight goiter as their main symptom. Other symptoms are loss of weight, trembling of the fingers, muscle weakness when climbing stairs, abnormally rapid pulse, palpitations, sweating of the palms of the hands, and attacks of diarrhoea.

The battle the over-active thyroid sets up in disarray, for it can permanently affect the heart.

Goitre—a condition in which the thyroid swells to an ugly lump—is of two varieties. The first is the very common simple goitre, caused by a lack of iodine in food and water. Sailors have a normal thyroid output, and thus may not be on the class of hyperthyroids. Goitre can be treated by popping up the iodine intake, or removing the goitre by surgery. It is not dangerous and is generally removed only for the sake of appearance.

The second variety is toxic goitre. This is more serious. It is hyperthyroidism. It may not result in any lump or swelling.

Hyperthyroids can be treated in a number of ways—the taking of various drugs to slow down the speeding, over-active gland. Surgery can remove a large proportion of the gland itself; and the most modern of all treatments is the imposition of radio-active iodine.

The so-called chemical "barb" are two drugs developed in the United States. The first is called Thiouracil, but it has been largely superseded by an improvement called Propyl Thiouracil.

Both drugs, though of value, can be dangerous in their after-effects. They are reputed to deplete the white cells of the blood, which are essential for germ-fighting. For

this reason they can be taken only under strict medical supervision, and even then there is an element of risk. Generally, therefore, they are primarily used in small quantities as a preparation for the more certain surgery, in which a large proportion of the thyroid is removed by operation.

In that regard the drugs have proved invaluable. They have reduced thyroid operations that took two or three days and required a long stay in hospital, to the lesser proportion of being one-stage affairs requiring about six days' hospitalization.

Injecting radio-active iodine into the hyperthyroid is the latest method of providing a "barb" on an abnormally active gland.

The patient takes a drink of water containing a tiny quantity of radio-active iodine. The thyroid, which naturally takes iodine from the system for its normal functioning, collects this new radio-active variety from the bloodstream and

stores it in its tiny reservoir. But it is radio-active, giving off potent beta rays, which bombard the thyroid from within and destroy portion of its tissue, and so lower its production capacity.

In a few weeks the radio-activity dies down. The thyroid—minus the portion that has been bombed out of action—continues its normal function. But its output of hormone is naturally smaller. The balance of the gland should now be producing the right amount of hormone for normal bodily requirements.

None of the treatment for thyroid make-up—at either variety—need have any harm for the patient.

If you are plagued with a variety of annoying little ailments such as those listed, go along to your physician for a check. A thyroid disorder may be behind them. If it is, you may very soon be back to bright good health after only minor treatment.



# Memory is Million

Your memory can save you money—rentals, work and your job. If it isn't good, why not improve it?

FACT

**DR. THURGOOD PURSE**, of New York, can remember a good novel from cover to cover. He can hardly glance through a pack of playing cards—and then repeat the cards in the sequence in which they lie.

He can look at a collection of a hundred objects, turn his back and name the lot. He can repeat the list backwards if asked to do so.



# Pound Asset

SPENCER LEAMING

How much of this can you do? First isn't the only memory man, and none of them are freaks. They are just people who have trained their minds.

Bad memories aren't a crime—but good memories are worth a fortune.

The seat of memory is the structure above the cerebral layer of the cerebrum or big brain which is used by man to enable him to obtain food and protect himself from danger. This memory structure stores the facilities of thought and willingness, both of which are qualities that most other animals lack.

The words of the cerebral 'memaphers', as they are called, counterbalance the effects of every new message or stimulus from the nerves with the effect of messages of the past, and then acts by sending out messages based on conclusions. All these messages leave a permanent record in the cells of the cortex or outer layer of the brain. That permanent record is the memory.

Memories play a big part in memory training. The artificial aid to memory was used by such ancient philosophers and men of learning as Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero, over 250 years ago. Various devices have been used in the extent of the computer to relate facts to something comparatively easy to remember.

A simple instance of memorization is the memorization of the names of the first Duke of Marlborough's great battles in the Netherlands by keeping in mind the simple key cypher 'MBCMF', the four letters of which

give you 'Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet'.

This principle can be applied, almost without limit, to all kinds of things which need to be memorized.

Some men naturally possess what is commonly known as 'a photographic memory'. With training and concentration, that faculty can be developed into something approaching the brilliance of Professor Foxe and Dr. Bruce Faret.

I know personally a distinguished doctor who is not unknown in Australia. He visited here not long ago and who can read a long, even a complicated, report, and repeat it almost word for word hours, even days, afterwards. What happens is that he can visualize the pages that aren't there. They have become photographed on his mind. He is Sir Allan Daley, formerly Medical Officer of Health of the County of London, England.

Many actors and actresses possess the valuable faculty of being able to 'photograph' words. When they have memorized themselves with the lines that they have to speak, they are able to repeat them by visualizing the words printed or typed upon each page of the script.

With a little intelligent application, to avoid the appearance of having learned the words in parrot fashion, the parrot appears to be almost miraculous. Try to develop a photographic memory. It isn't impossible.

The faculty for memorizing isn't impossible.

The faculty for remembering isn't always the result of the application of an exact science. Now and then a burning photograph in fields of memory flashes across the scene, and all the experts in the world can't explain it.

One of the greatest memory men of all time was Professor Richard Parnon, born in Mortlake, England, in 1858. His father was a local parish clerk, and his mother the daughter of a baron's chamberlain. So Richard Parnon had no obvious advantages in the way of inheritance.

He was a brilliant scholar, and became Professor of Greek at Cambridge University. He could repeat almost everything that he had read: "pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Peveril, and favorite scenes from the pathetic Greek."

There is standard data to prove that Parnon could repeat almost anything in Shakespeare. He would correct a child when he heard reading wrongly from a two-penny folio-book, and repeat the whole of a moral tale or whole pages from Aeschylus or Homer, word for word.

One of his most remarkable memory feats was the recitation of Alexander Pope's long poem "The Rape of the Lock", during which he made long observations as he went on, and noted the various readings, after which he continued his recitation of the poem where he had left off. It was said that if all that he had spoken had been taken down and published, it would have made the best edition of the famous poem, with notes and explanations, that had been published. Not a word would have needed to be corrected.

Dr. Faust declares that the more the memory is exercised the better it works.

Some 34,000 students have taken Dr. Faust's memory course, and many of them are said to have become almost as equal in feats of memory.

Among Dr. Faust's more recent students are a hotel manager who had difficulty in remembering names and faces, an electrical engineer who wanted to memorize writing dispatches, a business man who was in the habit of writing notes to himself and then forgetting where he had put them; and an Army officer who wanted to surprise his brother officers by reciting all the exact details of all the great battles of the past.

Another memory expert was "Dexter". He was a music-hall artist who cranked a tremendous air some fifty years ago by answering correctly all kinds of questions relating to dates in particular. He has become the most famous of memory experts—perhaps because he used it in entertainment.

Nearly thirty years ago I was deeply interested in the case of a male patient at a mental hospital on the outskirts of London. He was a very low-grade case, an imbecile with a mental age of about six, though his actual age was 48. He had an enormous cranium, a plaster cast of which was taken when he died, for preservation as a medical museum specimen.

If you asked this imbecile on what day of the week say, January 25, 1940, occurred, he would be able to tell you in a few seconds. He was asked such questions hundreds of times, and his answers were always checked. He was found never to be wrong.

Medical and other experts tried hard to find a satisfactory explanation of this patient's phenomenal gifts, but they failed to do so. Articles about him appeared in the

world's leading medical journals. Considering that this imbecile was void in intelligence, the mystery was the more bewildering. Some said that this "Dexter" had learned and discovered some trick or code. But the patient wasn't capable of learning such things—or anything else.

There was not the least doubt about this man's intellect. The size of his enormous head, which was plainly that of a hydrocephalic, together with his consistently imbecile look, was sufficient to demonstrate that.

I recall another case of an imbecile boy of ten who couldn't read or write, but could memorize a recitation which he had heard, and afterwards repeat it clearly, confidently, and without a mistake.

Yet another case that came my occasional way was that of a female imbecile, an inmate of a London mental hospital. She could play on a piano all the popular tunes of the day without any effort. It came naturally.

Such cases of prodigious memory as those mentioned suggest the word "trick". Call them what you will, they seem to baffle explanation. But they are only a microscopic minority.

For the average person of normal

intelligence, the determination to develop a good memory will pay handsome dividends.

Forgetfulness as a curse. It can cause trouble of all kinds, even loss of employment, marriage, sex, good academic, and divorce.

Absence or loss of memory is a not uncommon condition. This is due generally to a lesion of the brain which has been caused probably by a head blow. It can be brought about also by drug-taking, hard drinking, or a hot shock.

Many, but not all, alcoholics suffer from amnesia. They have no recollection of what happened when they were drinking. Many murders have been committed in such circumstances, and the culprit has not remembered what he did.

The drinking of alcoholic liquors, except in the most modest quantities, is apt to do harm to the development, but still the keeping of a good memory.

With old age comes a certain amount of forgetfulness. The brain's highly complicated telegraphic system has become the worse for wear, and the "wires" are apt to become confused or crossed.

But even "the lean and slippered pantologist" doesn't forget everything. It is a well-known and un-

Treating ulcers by lifting part of the stomach up through a surgical incision, botting it in X-rays and replacing it after treatment has been suggested by Dr. Matthew Moynihan, of U.S.A., and two patients have been treated in that fashion. One, 35 years old, is reported in "excellent condition" four years after treatment. The other is in good condition, but not enough time has elapsed to determine whether or not there will be a recurrence. Dr. Moynihan pointed out, when he first made the suggestion, that surgery will reduce acidity, but it is not an infallible cure and major operations cannot be performed on some patients. X-raying of the ulcers will reduce stomach acidity permanently, but to deliver X-rays to the stomach through the abdominal wall endangers nearby sensitive organs such as the liver, adrenal glands and pancreas. Thus the idea of lifting the stomach out of the body.

visual fact that things, and even—dents, bug and tooth, which occurred during childhood and youth become crystal clear when the pure and yellow age arrives, while later happenings are vague.

From it a quite natural fact a certain deduction can legitimately be made. The memory stream above the granular layer of the brain stores and carefully preserves its earliest impressions and memories, perhaps because they are simpler, less frequent, and more striking to the inexperienced mind. The memories that follow in later life are so crowded and succeed so quickly one on top of the other that they become blurred.

Thus old-age-remembering-past trends is a plain fact. It does not, as so many people think, indicate aging.

The seat of the memory, which is the brain, is the most complicated piece of mechanism in the human body. It has millions of cells, and every part of the body is connected

with it by tiny nerve cables which look like fine white threads. These nerve cables do not all proceed straight to the brain. Most of them are gathered into bundles which run together to form the spinal cord, which is enclosed in the backbone, and then they proceed upward to the brain through what may be described, quite accurately, as "relay stations".

The more complicated a piece of mechanism is, the greater are the chances of it going wrong, and the brain—the memory-box included—is no exception to this rule.

Is there any difference between the memories of men and women?

Dr. Bruno Furst maintains that there is—and he should know. He says that men are logical, women imaginative, that men remember numbers and dates best, while women are better at remembering faces, descriptions, and colours.

Everyone can improve the memory. But you must develop concentration.

# pointers to better health

## SUPERHYDROCORTISONE

Preliminary trial of a new super-hydrocortisone, described as 25 times more powerful than hydrocortisone and 100 times more than cortisone was reported by Dr. Edward W. Boland, Los Angeles, before the American Rheumatism Association. He said the name of the compound could not be announced until further trials are made. This could be a great step forward, if tests prove satisfactory.

## CORTISONE

Fears that ACTH or cortisone might produce deformed babies of great to pregnant women are groundless, says Dr. R. R. Marquitt of Mercy Ford Hospital, in his report to the Endocrine Society. His observations covered 20 patients.

## BLINDNESS

Blindness due to tangential arteritis, a serious disease of the eye, can be prevented in almost every case by prompt treatment with ACTH and cortisone. Drs. Maynard and T. Horton, and Thomas B. Maguila of Mayo Clinic reported to the American Geriatrics Society convention. The disease is marked by severe headaches. The arteries

in the temple region of the head become enlarged. Untreated, a third of the patients go blind.

## MUSCULAR DISEASE

A new drug is reported to make life more comfortable for sufferers from the rare muscular disease, myasthenia gravis. Dr. Reginald E. Greenman and Paul Tang of Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, said the preparation, neostigmin, was used on 60 patients and found to be "a step forward in the search for the ideal drug therapy."

## MB STITCHES

Use of collaphane tape to close 21 skin lacerations without stitches is reported by Dr. Paul Williamson, of Walsh, Ohio. After the wounds were cleaned, the edges were brought together and held with strips of the tape. No other dressing was applied. The final appearance of the healed wound was perfect and there is a relative absence of pain, compared with stitches. Healing also is accelerated. The chief disadvantage is the occasional loosening of the tape. This happened in a few cases but no infection resulted. Studies are in progress on the use of collaphane tape in the closure of major striped wounds.



"I am, coming into your life, a short, dark man."



# Hold onto Your marriage!

Marriage is the most important industry in life, yet thousands go to the divorce courts yearly. And it is no unnecessary—year marriage can be saved if true love ever existed.

RAY MITCHELL

THOUSANDS of couples go to the divorce courts each year in Australia. The way they take at the altar, "Till death do us part," is disowned legally because the wife tearfully tells the judge, "He committed adultery." Or maybe it is cruelty, allied to drunkenness. Perhaps it is desertion. Maybe it is the husband who is the peevish one because the wife has done wrong.

But the real truth is that the partners do not "get on together" any more.

Maybe the wife will complain that her spouse does not pay her the attention he did when they were courting.

It is sad. And it could be avoided. Where couples have married for love—true love—divorce is unnecessary, if it is to be, because true love between the sexes can be held for only one person—it cannot be given to another. So that a divorced person who really loved the first spouse, will always go through the remainder of life seeking something which has been gained but thrown away—and lost forever.

This does not mean that divorced persons cannot be happy with a second spouse—provided that true love did not exist the first time.

Even if true love did exist in the first marriage and is lost and the divorced persons take an other partner, some sort of happiness can be attained. But true love cannot exist a second time.

But just because two people are really in love, it does not mean that it should be left to run its natural course. Champion sportsmen have to train to perfect condition in order to win their contests; great musicians have to practice in order to maintain their mastery over their chosen instruments. So it is with true love, the course of which, philosophers tell us, never runs smooth.

True love has to be kept by the understanding of each other; the tolerant recognition of each other's faults and habits. There is an adjustment period in marriage and that has to be attained and maintained.

The problem of adjustment and resulting happiness cannot be approached from one person only in the first; it must be approached from both sides, otherwise there is disharmony. Just as in singing a duet, there must be harmony, and in singing that harmony, both must pull together.

The difference between the sexes



is not only physical, it is psychological. And while each person is an individual and differs from another in some respects, psychologically, women differ from men. Of course, they can have common interests, indeed marriage partners must have at least one big common interest, because you cannot live happily on soft words of love alone.

Science has made the two sexes in order to reproduce, and, to do that, she has looked beyond the physical reproduction aspect, she has made men and women capable of anything she has made them so that for every man in the world there should be a woman to whom he is attracted enough to love. That attraction is not only physical, but it is in the mind; it is in all the senses.

Men attracts women by his masculine, his authority, his manner, his general character, his neat appearance. Other aspects come into it, too. The intelligence, divided according to the demands of the female he attracts by other characteristics, in one part—had a large one. His ambition, his industry attract. The girls who marry solely for security are not in the same category. We are dealing with love.

Women has many artificial aids to attractiveness. She wears make-up on her face, she pulls in her waist, she with artificial means if need be, she changes her hair style to suit the man she wishes to attract, she uses a fragrant scent, in short, she uses what we know as sex appeal. And a curious thing about sex appeal is that it has one definition for all men collectively, but a different meaning to each individual. What these qualities are and in which combinations they are the most exciting depends on each man's particular taste. So that

while Marilyn Monroe appeals to most men in one way, she appeals to many less when it comes to making a marriage partner.

Girls will insist that they are not dressing to attract men, yet they spend a great proportion of their strength in false means to enhance their allure. Do they make-up, dress well, spend hours in a hair-dresser's to please their fellow women? Hardly. Women are more critical about other women's dress and make-up than are men. A woman will analyze her feminine neighbors from the top of her head to her crooked stocking seams and high heels. And she will make the analysis critically.

Men, on the other hand, see an overall picture first. It is the overall picture which first attracts. Then the analyzing will follow—and that analysis will come from an admiring mind, not a critical one.

So we must recognize the fact that women makes herself attractive for the opposite sex. A woman seeks to make herself indispensable to men by resorting to the subtle and most basic strategy of influence: his desire, and secretly satisfying it. That does not mean that she does, or should, go the full way while trying to get her man—far from it! Most men want a girl who is modest in relation to sex. But having married her man, she should see that sex plays a part in which she, as well as her husband, should be aggressive and give as well as receive, satisfaction.

Today women in fighting to attain a position which has been men's heritage through the ages—is he regarded as an equal in rights, not a subordinate. She has attained the franchising she can choose the man she wishes to marry, and not be forced to marry whom her

parents desire, or be sold on a slave market to the highest bidder, as of centuries ago, she can compete with man in almost every field of endeavor.

Yet, in her subconscious mind she still is subordinate to her husband, however gentle or understanding he may be. She desires to be his equal in the sense that she is a person being of equal dignity. But her subconscious mind will not recognize that she has reached that stage, and so she forces her "equal rights" on men, yet, at the same time expects the courtesy of her sex through the centuries. She will expect a man to give her seat in a crowded train, she still expects him to take her hat to her, she still expects him to rise from his chair when she enters a room. And men love her that way.

Women is a complex character, so complex that it is said that men never will understand her. Probably the truth would be that she does not fully understand herself. Psychologists have been working on the problem that is women, ever since psychology became a science. Freud and Jung both admitted a lack of complete understanding of women. Even today, psychology is based on the psychology of the dominant male and the subordinate female.

The co-existence of women is very ancient. From the start it was recognized that men was physically stronger. Very early the theory that women were weaker was developed, owing to their menstrual cycle. In those days people did not know why that happened. From that "unclean" belief sprang the use of perfumes, cosmetics and cosmetics. As far back as the ancient Egyptians, and even farther, cosmetics were used as a means

of allure by women who could afford them. It is said that Cleopatra and her fellow women knew more about cosmetics and their use than is known today.

Another factor which made the male the dominant character in society was the cycle of childbirth, when women spend long periods unprotected, or impaired while bearing children, making them dependent on men.

In early history it was in those periods when men assumed the right of taking care of them, whether they wanted it or not. Because men did not—and do not—rush the idea of looking after other men's children, they regarded women for whom they provided to be indebted to them, often showing faithfulness by placing them under guard, or making them wear chastity belts.

Because of the position in which women have placed themselves, men have come to regard themselves as the superior sex, not only physically, but psychologically. Men provided for them, they made the laws, they taught for them—and they reserved the right to impose themselves sexually on them. This alone is enough to lift other higher mammals. Men ignored the cycle of desire, and the idea that women was the vessel of man's pleasure was born.

It is not unusual that some women took the next step and became prostitutes, degrading themselves in order to satisfy men. For thousands of years desire was considered the attribute of prostitutes, but not of wives. Even last century infidelity and passive acceptance was considered the ideal behaviour of wives.

Even today, that feeling is inherent with most girls. They have been taught that sex is sinful, or at

best, something which is a necessary evil. So they go into marriage with that belief, even though they may not admit it; in fact they may emphatically deny it, and point out that they have been educated to see the correct way, that they have attended marriage guidance classes or read books or had frank discussions with their friends or husbands.

But, if these girls were brought up that sex was background stuff, as most of them have been this century, then they cannot see that down their minds completely without traces of potent understanding and help from their husbands. This is as much a husband's job in marriage as it is a wife's. He must try to understand her and make her realize, by potent action and words, that she is as much a part of the sexual act as he is and she should enjoy it as part of true love, just as he should.

Thus sex adjustment is extremely important in marriage. It is not the largest part of marriage—not by a long way—but it is a big expression of love. Nature intended that attraction leads to love and that love is not just kissing and cuddling. Satisfaction of love is different from satisfaction of lust.

Sometimes it is the ever increasing sex by the husband which causes an otherwise happy marriage. The husband should learn to control his emotions. He must never expose himself on his wife when she is not inclined for it. Marriage is a partnership and as such, it should be mutual, whether in work, interests or sexual relations. Sexual misadjustment causes much tragedy in the domestic courts.

Men, if his wife fails to satisfy him, is apt to go to another woman for sexual satisfaction. He will blame his wife when she admonishes him for it. But the best remedy that he

is equally to blame, perhaps more so, because of his lack of understanding and co-operation.

Women has certainly learned how to attract men, but she has not completely learned how to hold him. Men, in his turn, those to think that he is the hunter in false conception, because women gets her men easily, while letting him think that he is the hunter, but he does not always play his part in keeping the cat.

In courting he tells her nice things, he praises her appearance and whispers sweet words of love. Then after marriage he is inclined to neglect these little words of love, of praise. He does not bring her home little presents like he used to and she misses those things.

For her part, women often neglects her appearance after marriage. She has got her mind, as there is no need to keep herself looking beautiful for him, so she thinks, And men, not realising fully, that the attractive girl friend made herself more attractive by artificial means when courting, think she is looking old—and he begins to admire other women, single girls who are wiser up all the wiles and subtleties his wife used before marriage.

[T] is since World War 1 that women began to come into her own. She stepped out and became not a subservient person, but a new person with individuality—or as she thought. While she was free, she was losing her femininity by her new fashion clothes—hot breast, unveiled waistline and short hair.

Men was puzzled. He liked the novelty of the freedom of women, but he did not find her as attractive as before. He liked his woman feminine. He wanted her to have longer hair, to smell nice, to look nice. He just could not explain it.

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has to know it was wrong somehow.

Then woman herself realized it and she grew her hair longer. She realized that she had to appeal to all the senses of man—sight, smell, touch, hearing and taste. She had to have a good figure, attractive her good points and better her poorer ones with artificial means. She learned that a good face with a poor skin was not enough, she learned to patch her worse lower—there is nothing so thin as a man's skin of a woman as hearing a sweet voice issuing from her, as noting how beautiful her face. She learned to use no starchy fragrances in her perfume, not an overpowering one. She learned again all women over know through the ages—and more. And in doing so, she enlarged her own battlefield. The professional temptress is no longer her sole competitor—she has to contend with all her fellow women.

Of course, a naturally beautiful woman holds a big advantage over her plainer sister, but with beauty parlors doing what they are, all women can improve their appearance.

Apart from natural variations in individual preferences, the things about a woman that most thrill a normal man are those physical traits that emphasize the difference between the sexes. A man may want a woman with whom he can share animal interests, but when it comes to appearance, he wants her to be definitely unlike him.

That is why the current style of hair cut in girls—ragged and short, looking like it has been cut by a lawn mower—is definitely not an asset in sex appeal. Neither should a girl wear slacks, she just isn't built for them.

The main focus of a man's sight is the girl's bosom, a fact realized by Hollywood, which emphasizes that

portion of a girl's body in still pictures and in movies. Her legs are probably next on man's visual appeal, then the waist or maybe the face. Then he likes to get a complete picture of the subject as a whole.

But that is only the visual sense. There is the girl's voice, no doubt. She must have modesty and intelligence. She must be able to flatter man's ego. And having attracted him, love—true love in mind as well as physical—must follow in order to have a happy married life.

The wife a girl uses in winning her man must be maintained after marriage, because he expects his wife to look as she did before he married her, he wants to be proud of his wife—to be able to show her to his friends proudly. She must still look as good as a new coin; she must still look terrific in an evening gown and what is more important, she must still look as good to her husband when he comes home. Even after a day's house-hanging a wife must look as good. Maybe women think men are unreasonable, but it can be done. She also must be alive at all times, alive and vibrant.

The last, if the sex problems have been overcome, comes when the wife is pregnant and after the birth of the child. Her figure has been put out of proportion and, quite often she does not regain her figure. Her bust may have dropped, although this is not necessary, if the wife concerns properly. She may develop a tummy. Then it is that man's real worth as a husband and lover is revealed. True love will not alter, but the advent of children will shift the relationship somewhat. If there is true love, children will deepen it in the mutual realization that here is something which has been made by

both parties and is a part of each.

The love a man has for his wife after the birth of a child is not only deeper than it was before, but it is on a slightly different plane. He no longer regards her appearance as so important, although he does prefer her to keep her beauty. But it does not carry the significance of yore. He has come to regard her with even more respect. Childbirth is a wonderful—probably the most wonderful thing in Nature and the husband looks up to his wife with more respect after their child is born.

But the wife must not neglect her appearance. If she does, resentment will gradually seep into the husband's mind. A wife can still be beautiful as she was, if she looks after herself. In fact, she requires an added beauty, the beauty of maturity and mother love. Only a mother can show this charm.

But with the arrival of a child or children, an adjustment has to be made in the family arrangements, entertainment and budget. Where before, man and wife went to dances, the picture theatres, sporting events, concerts or the theatre, they now find their excitement in those places are curtailed.

They cannot take young babies to those places often; someone has to look after the children, either one parent or a baby-sitter. As baby-sitters cost money, their services are not required very often in the normal working man's home. Besides, it is not a good point for the child to be left without its parents often.

In such cases, where the husband wants to go to the stadium or to his club, the wife stays home to look after the family. In cases where the wife wants to see a particular film, the husband should stay home and look after the fam-

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life. In this way, each has equal outings, or as many to equal outings as they desire. However, the best thing is for both parents to stay home or go out together.

Even without children, the associations of one of the married couple can lead to discontent in the family if the privileges are not extended to the other party. That aspect is one of the factors which added to others, leads to the divorce courts in many cases.

When a couple marries, the life of each individual undergoes a change. Each loses a certain amount of freedom—the freedom to make up one's own mind to go anywhere and do what one wishes without explanation. Marriage takes away this freedom, but it compensates in many other directions. While still retaining individuality, the married couple blend each life into one. They are a team and should work together as a team at all times.

The husband and the wife will each retain a certain amount of his or her own interests after marriage, but gradually, these interests will sink into the background as home interests take over. A man no longer desires to go dancing on his own, dancing with every nice girl or good dancer he sees there. After marriage, dancing with his wife is all he desires when he goes to trip the light fantastic.

His occupations with "the boys" no longer holds the interest it did, although he does not want to lose contact with his best friends. Nor should he. Neither should the wife. However, each party drifts from the old haunts after marriage.

A man does not lose all his old-time interests after marriage. He still may want to go to the stadium, or he may want to watch the cricket or football. Maybe he wants to go to his old club occasionally, sit-

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though his vote will be curtailed through preference, after marriage. He should not be forced to relinquish these emotions because he now has a wife.

To some of his interests, he can take his wife if she is interested, she really likes going to the fights, the cricket or the football, then it's all to the good. Perhaps they both like swimming or surfing. Maybe they both play golf. If so, that is a great advantage to a happy marriage.

It, however, the wife does not like sport and the husband does then it is up to both parties to compromise. The wife should not object to her husband going to sports, providing he spends most of the week at home or takes her out as frequently as the goes out alone or with the "team".

The husband, for his part, should not object if his wife wants to read.

the toilet, or go to bridge parties. Everything should run smoothly in the home of the husband and wife alike and there alone.

Sometimes the wife may want to see the bullet and she does not want to go alone, she wants her husband with her. Maybe he doesn't like bullet, but it will not hurt her to bow to his wife's wishes in the matter. Of course, she should not make a habit of it.

There are times when husbands and wife like different types of music or different radio programmes. This aspect created many arguments, and they are unnecessary. If the wife likes opera music, the husband likes swing, they should compromise, let the wife and husband each select the programmes they like on the radio, and each select them in order of preference. Then each can listen to his or her own selection. If the wife

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stomach of their favorite programmes should check, then the matter can be settled by compromise—the wife takes to her's one week, the husband the next. A better solution, if you can afford it, is to buy two radios.

There is no problem of clashing interests which need create an argument.

One problem which may arise from time to time is visitors. The wife may not like her husband to bring his friends home. Maybe she feels tired at night and doesn't feel like entertaining the house. This is a fault which she should correct. But majority of wives do like to have the house tidy and respectfully furnished. They feel ashamed if their husbands bring home friends who are better off than they are.

This problem is a serious one, but it can be overcome. How it is handled depends on the individuals concerned. The wife should not keep her husband's friends away if he wants to bring them home. But he should not make it a habit of his wife's objects. And he should not bring home friends who are likely to talk behind his back about the comparative poverty of his home.

There is one thing, which is a wife, as an indispensable son. That is for her husband to arrive home with a tired, without letting her know beforehand. Perhaps it is her wash day or her ironing day. Maybe she is running a little late with her house-keeping, as the shopping took longer than she expected. Therefore the house is not in apple pie order. It is embarrassing to a woman if visitors see her untidy house or see her in a torn house frock, with curling pins in her hair and a smudge of dirt on her nose. So give the little lady time to tidy herself and the house.

There are many people who like

parties. If a couple are invited to a party and only the husband likes parties, the wife should go. She cannot expect to do everything she likes and to refuse from doing things she does not like. But the husband must see to it that their life is not one long run of parties if his wife does not like them. He can make an excuse if too many invitations pile up. And he should not leave the message to her to make every time. Now, when making excuses, he should be always considerate his wife. He can say, "Sorry, but I promised to take my wife to the ballet that night," or he could say, "Gee! I'm sorry, but I can't make it that night. I am going to the stadium with Joe."

Of course, when people go to parties, they are expected to reciprocate with parties at their own homes. Then it is that the wife who does not like parties, has to act the perfect hostess at a party at her own home.

**A PROBLEM** which presents itself in the two-income home, where the wife, as well as the husband, has a permanent job. It is not so long ago that women who worked outside the home were regarded as stragglers of jobs which belong to the single girl. Husbands of these women were regarded as men who could not provide for their women-folk.

Indeed, the man themselves did not like to see their wives working. The standard of a man's success was his earning capacity. If still a, but he looks at it from a different angle now.

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during the second world war or just after it. Those who married while their husbands served in one of the Services, just had to work for the security of the present and the future. The difficulties they received from the government and their husbands' army pay was not sufficient to live according to the middle-class life they wanted. With or without children, wives had to support their families.

Many wives acquired nice little nest eggs when their spouses returned from active service, and these nest eggs, combined with the husbands' deferred pay, made a nice deposit in a home. People those days are not content to pay rent, they want homes of their own.

Many of these wives continued to work after their husbands returned. Some still are working. Those who were married after the war still have the same objective in view—a home of their own—as the newly-wed wives go to work to earn sufficient money to pay off a home and to live decently.

The way these days is that the cost of living is too high, that it is higher than it ever has been. That is true, but it is also true that wages have risen hundreds of percent over the years. People do not work the sixty or fifty hours per week they used to work and they get bigger wages. Naturally prices have risen too.

Old-timers and people of the last generation look back on their younger days with wistful remembrance. They point out what the youth could lay them. But they don't point out what wages they earned. Experience breeds contentment and the fact is people are better off now than ever they were.

But there must be a message for the city about the cost of living and how spending is spread. There is a

any simple reason. Gardens and even mother, did not have refrigerators, washing machines, electric stoves or even radios. In those days people were content to get along with the necessities. When radios came into being they were regarded as luxuries. Same with refrigerators, washing machines, electric stoves and electric machines.

These days radios, refrigerators and some of the other "luxuries" of yesterday, are now regarded as necessities. And they cost money. One day envelopes will not buy a house, and furnish it in the style young couples want these days. Therefore, wives go to work. And have class a problem.

Usually husband and wife discuss how long she will work. They work out how much money they require in order to get all the things they want and they may set the time limit on the wife's job as two years, or perhaps three. But it is a fact that the more money you earn the more you spend. They find that they are living higher, that they are not saving as much money as they thought they would. So the wife continues to work longer than the home set

But, in the meantime, the wife's mother instinct comes to the fore, she wants a baby. It is the most natural thing in the world. But, having tested living from two pay envelopes, can the couple recognize themselves to living on one while the wife has a child? What has happened to those dreams of a nicely furnished home, with all mod cons? They must make a choice—postpone having a baby or defer some of those mod cons for a few more years until they can move enough down the beachside to achieve

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- Build A Soil Projector.
- Build A Simple Desk.

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the *Agrobacterium* strain on the transformation efficiency of *Agrobacterium* strain.

# PLANTS, MECHANICS, AND HUMANITY

And is it really home when a husband collects his wife from her place of work at knock-off time and takes her home to get the tea ready?

Besides, what happens when all the things they originally listed have been bought? There are some more things wanted — or desired. These are luxuries, but the couple does not see it that way. To them, these things are necessities. So the wife continues to work. Sometimes she works till it is too late to have a family, and, perhaps from the physician's viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of desire. They have lived so long without children, that they do not want to be "troubled" by children around the house. For these people marriage is a convenience. They can never attain complete happiness.

Sometimes the woman finds herself pregnant by accident. She is forced to give up work. Then the couple begin to complain. They have not bought most of the things they wanted and how can they get them now? There is discontent.

Of course, there are women who, when the baby has been wanted, return to work. They employ a nurse to look after the child. They too, are missing out on the greatest job in life—watching their children grow up and guiding their growth. The child, also, is neglected, insofar as affection is concerned.

All these things, stemming from the wife working, help to cause discontent in the home. The couple has not fulfilled their destiny as the proper marriage. If the wife could work for two years, then quit, irrespective of how much material gain and how much, it would not be so bad, but few can. And even those who do, regret, at least in some moments, the loss of their job. These things, during arguments — and

every married couple has arguments—are thrown up at the other party.

A happy married life does not start from the time the preacher says, "I now pronounce you man and wife." It begins a conversation before that—from the time they are born. They are guided by parents, the character is developed, and as it is in the early years of a person's life that suitability for married life—indeed, suitability for life in all its aspects — are formed.

From childhood to adolescence, the period of in-between, when both sexes are preparing themselves for the threshold of adult life, the child is being prepared. The stage where girls begin to make-up to attract the boys—and continue to do so—begins around the adolescent stage. And it is here that the youth—girl and boy—needs entire guidance from parents.

"Puppy love" is the term used by adults when an adolescent is smitten with someone from the opposite sex. But, although we may laugh at that stage, it is not funny in the adolescent and more should be taken that young lives are not ruined by premature love or too-early marriage from infatuation.

Infatuation is an attraction to a member of the opposite sex which keeps the loving character in a state of excitement—while with the "loved one". Its symptoms are also symptoms of real love, but the symptoms of infatuation are only part of the symptoms of real love.

Don't rush into marriage at the first flutter of the heart—and the heart does flutter for some lot. It is a physiological phenomenon. Test yourself if you are not sure whether it is true love. How do you feel when away from your loved one?

It is the rushing into marriage by

infatuated couples which causes the great majority of divorces. True love which matures in the divorce courts represents a much smaller proportion.

Most people are inclined, before marriage, to look upon marriage as a way to have a complete and satisfying companionship, not simply as a sexual machine, but as people. Marriage implies more than the rights of sexual intercourse. Sex should not occupy too much of a couple's time—it should take its place among other things of life. Sex is a result, not an end in itself. It should be cherished and used with understanding.

Too much emphasis is placed on sex these days, so that the single people may be accused for thinking that marriage is only licensed adultery. If you go into marriage with that idea, you had better change it quickly, so your marriage is destined for the rocks. What will you do, then, when your wife has reached, say 40, and you are young attractive maid? Will you remain true to your spouse, or will you run off the rails? If your life is revolved around sex, you will run off the rails. And being gone another marriage.

True sex in its right perspective—just a part in proportion to other things. Understanding, tolerance, genuine love—physically and mentally—and companionship count so much, it is not more than sex. All parts of marriage are like cars which drive the wheel—they must all fit together in order to get the best results.

The danger period, according to statistics, is the first five years, when the couple is making adjustments. Actually, the real danger period is the first twelve months. If you can adjust yourself to your partner in that period, your marriage

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age should last a lifetime, providing you continue to play the game. Where mistakes point to the first five years in that often a couple will try for that length of time, but they are unhappy from the start, or from near the start.

Remember, we are all different in our tastes and our lives. We can be friends with several people; we can work with them; we can meet them socially, but as soon as we commence living with them, we find irritating little habits and tastes in our friends. We don't realize that we, ourselves, have irritating habits from our friends' point of view. Consider then, a marriage partner. With a friend, we can leave — or the friend can. With a marriage partner it is too heavy. Therefore we have to be tolerant.

The first stage of love is the "starry-eyed" stage; we see nothing to fault our loved one. But the starry-eyed stage does not last — it develops into true love and understanding. But it is after the passing of that starry-eyed stage that we see faults and habits which may irritate. Then it is that we have to make the adjustments. And that comes in the first twelve months.

However, there is another danger period that is when the husband or wife — or both — reach the forties. It is then that a man begins to wonder if he still has appeal. Many men at this stage will go out in search of young girls. He may love his wife, but his nature forces him to pay attention to the young. But he has the appeal to attract young women?

Usually he has little difficulty in acquiring a young woman — not because he still has the appeal of a younger man, but because he can give the girl a good time. He has money—usually.

Another reason he runs off the straight and narrow is because he wants to test his virility. Is it as potent as before?

A third reason is that his wife is showing signs of aging. He wants a change socially.

There are many men who think they have a right to "chase the young stuff" when they have reached the forties and they are impatient if the wife objects. Yet comparatively few wives divorce their husbands for infidelity at this age. They love their husbands and they could not picture themselves alone. Most wives realize that the running off the rails at this age is a possibility. Some regard it as inevitable.

But it is not inevitable. Most men would be tempted at this age, but it is up to them to resist temptation. Many of these men regret later their infidelity. The young girl has left and the husband has to return to his wife. Not that he intended to stay away for ever, but he has to return sooner or later and then he finds he is headed for the divorce court or his marriage is no longer a solid rock. There is distrust.

While ever there are young children and true love between husband and wife exists, there should be no worry about infidelity. But when the children grow up, that is the time the husband and wife should be careful.

Marriage is a greater job of work than any other industry. But if true love exists, then it is up to the individuals to make sure that true love is aimed in the right direction. Make sure all parts of your marriage machine are in order and welded together. A home and children is man's destiny and it is a shame to spoil it in the divorce courts.

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# UICK UIPS

Went into a restaurant the other day and a truck driver sat opposite me, valiantly trying to cut a tough steak. Finally he gave it up, called the waitress and said "It is a shame to grill a type with so much tread left on it."

A little later I went into a chemist shop for some aspirin and encountered a nuclear physicist at the counter. He asked the assistant for some powdered acetylsalicylic acid. "You mean aspirin," asked the assistant. "That's right," replied the physicist. "I can never think of the name."

After leaving the chemist's I walked around the corner and saw a notice outside a shy good deal. It read "The characters in this play are purely fictional. Any resemblance to human beings, living or dead, is absolutely impossible."

Continuing my walk, I entered a shoe shop, thought I needed a pair of dancing pumps as I was going to a country town for my holidays. Inside the shop I saw an exasperated attendant trying a pair of shoes on a woman customer. There were piles of shoes around her. Finally, he said "Madam, what size shoe shop needs a pair of ladies'

shoes that are larger on the inside than the outside?"

Carrying two well-packed suitcases, I arrived at the small town where I intended spending my holidays. It was so small that if you saw a girl dressed with a man old enough to be her father, you could bet he was. In that place ladies never arrive unexpectedly.

On Saturday night there was nothing to do, so most of the townspeople went around to the barber's to watch a few haircuts. The barber told me that the town football team had been presented with cigarette lighters at the end of the season. As this seemed unusual, I asked why. "Because," he replied, "they lost all their matches."

Spoke to the local playwright while I was there. He read me a passage from his latest play: "Enter here and hereon" I said. "You mean heretofore?" He said, "No. This girl's a dope."

As I was leaving the town I saw a notice in a delicatessen. It read: "customers refrain from letting their children ride on the horse shoes, as we find we are getting a little behind in our orders."



*Dear Lizzie,*

After you saw how late early at we were down on duty, no longer moving at an intense pace for this old, there's not much chance of your fighting further on "MotorMAN" the day we return is to include every week in "MAN" from four now. After all, "MotorMAN" will tell about the life lines, the power steering, price, better jobs and all that. Sorry too, but I guess you'll understand.



*Trudly* **MAN**

**JUNE ISSUE**

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